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Upper row—Howitt "Toby" Boyd Hockey
Lower row—Evans McMullen Masters

These men are all members of the 4th Canadian Mounted Rifles who were captured in the spring of 1916 and who escaped from German prisons within a month of each other.

This photo was taken at the request of Col. Gordon, Officer Commanding the regiment to which they belonged, and who is now in England, acting as O. C. of the 8th Reserve Depot Mounted Rifles.

Out of the Jaws of Hunland

The Stories of

Corporal Fred McMullen

Sniper

Private Jack Evans

Bomber

CANADIAN SOLDIERS

Three times captured and finally escaped from German Prison Camps

G. P. Putnam's Sons
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Introductory

INTRODUCTORY

"So you're back, boys! And how did you like it all?"

Something like this was the greeting we got when we stepped off the train at Toronto a few weeks ago.

Like it? Say! Wonder if they'd have asked that if they'd had any idea what we'd been through?

Most of the fellows seem to think it's lucky to get wounded enough to send 'em to Blighty. Well, if they'd got the Blighty wounds all right, but if, instead of being carried back nice and comfy in a hospital ship and fussed over by pretty V.A.D.'s, they'd been yanked in over a German trench, handled—nice and tenderly, of course—by German officers and doctors, and then, while trying to exist on mangel-top soup, and hardly able to crawl around

at all, they were forced to go down half a mile into a coal mine and use pick and shovel for about sixteen hours a day—if they had had this would they like it?

Oh yes. We *liked* it, all right.

Then somebody asked us, of course, whether the people in Germany were starving. When we told 'em that the best meal we had in seventeen months—all the time we "visited" in Hunland—was a bowl of thin pea soup, and that the German civilians and soldiers, most of 'em, were not much better off, they seemed to get some light on things.

When we told a few close friends that we were nabbed, the third time we tried to get away, two hundred yards from the border of Holland by German sentries, one of the kind friends said, as though we hadn't done our duty, "Why didn't you biff 'em?"

Say! We'd like to have seen that chap in the same boat. Let him be mighty near starved for the best part of a year—only kept alive by the boxes sent in occasionally by the Red Cross. Then let him go

for a week—himself and a pal—on half a pound of soda biscuits, travelling about fifteen miles a day, or rather night, on his weary pins in the meantime. Have him suddenly run up against a handful of Huns with bayonets shining up in his face out of the dark and not a bit leery about shooting either. Put him up against that and would he say, "Why didn't you biff 'em?"

One of the funny things about it is that we enlisted about the same time, in the same battalion, went through about the same training, were captured on the same day within a quarter of a mile of the same spot in the same line, were examined in the same railway station, one of us in a room above, the other below, at about the same time; were at different times in the same prison camps, even occupied the same cell when they brought either one of us back, after trying to make a getaway of it; got away, the last time, within a few days of each other and, though starting in different German provinces, hit the Holland border and got over the line at nearly the same

spot. All this happened, and yet, till we met one another incidentally in old Gravesend in England, neither of us had any idea the other was anywhere but scrapping it out back in the trenches with the rest of the C.M.R. boys. Since then, somehow or other, we've been mighty good pals.

One night, a little while after we got home, when we were sitting around with the boys, we got to talking about the thing and told 'em that bit about lying for a day and a night, only half-hidden in the sand under the creek bank near Weseke, while two women hoed turnips all day in the field across from us, and two German soldiers crossed the creek not ten feet away.

They said it was considerable of a story. Perhaps it is. The War Office seemed to think we had something interesting to tell when we got finally back to old Blighty, anyway.

So here it is.

Why we got into it in the first place?

Well we were fit and, while we had fairly

good jobs, hadn't anybody depending on us. Nothing much else to do but to get into it, was there? That's how we felt about it, anyway.

So when the call for King and Country, coupled with the stories we heard as to the way the Huns were treating the Belgians, got under our skins we enlisted at Toronto, one of us in November, 1914, the other in May, '15, and somehow both of us got stuck up to the 4th C.M.R. After a few months in Toronto and at Valcartier, they shipped us over to England, and before we had been there long enough to get used to the fog we were ferried across the Channel and mighty soon after got into the thick of it. There was none of this getting acclimated behind the line the boys get now, just then. Why, the very first night—or perhaps it was the second, so much other stuff has happened since it's hard to remember—we were sent up about three miles in communication trenches to put in twenty-four hours of "instruction." Instruction it certainly was. We remember one Irishman, when

we climbed up on the firing step, after slipping off and sliding up to our necks in nice "gooey" mud half a dozen times, telling us that it wasn't a bit dangerous. P'raps it wasn't. We got used to it, of course, after a while, but we can remember yet how those Boche bullets went pinging and winging over our heads. No, p'raps it wasn't dangerous, but the next afternoon two or three chaps out of our battalion were killed in a nasty bombardment.

After our twenty-four-hour go there they took us back to "Stink Farm." Ask any of the fellows who've been over what that means. We'd rather not tell you ourselves. The memories are rather painful.

For a while the battalion was employed in different work around Messines—pioneer work, digging communication trenches, holding the line for a while at times, and in other duty. That duty in the line was quite a job just then, too. You see, the C.M.R.'s were supposed to be mounted troops and the battalion muster was six hundred men as against the round thousand in an in-

fantry battalion. So when they shot us up in that blooming front line to relieve the "legs only" boys, we had to spread ourselves around some, and it kept us busy. Seems as though the authorities after a while appreciated this and some other little difficulties, for, some time in February—that was in nineteen sixteen—they moved the bunch back to Metron, a little village six or seven miles behind the line. Here we were joined by the 1st, 2d, and 5th C.M.R.'s and were treated to—what do you suppose? A month's *infantry* drill. Scarcely a man of us knew how to form fours. We made out we didn't, anyway. You know the cavalry drill is a good deal different. And here we had been, doing the infantry's work but knowing nothing of the best part of the trade. Nice box of tricks, wasn't it? But we guess they needed the men just then. Looked like it when we were in the line, anyhow. So we just made the best of it.

Should have heard our officers, though. Not a one of them, from subalterns up,

would admit to knowing the "steps" at all. And there was *some* grumbling all round. They fixed that up by bringing down some of the Princess Pat's officers and sergeants who worked with us till we could get through things pretty decently. Then they made up our short numbers with a draft from the 8th C.M.R. and the 35th Battalion.

From Metron, we went up on a fifteen-mile march to G camp in the Ypres salient. And say, since we've come back we hear all the folks calling that doggoned spot "Wipers." Seems queer to us. Nobody called it that while we were there. We went in the line there into the "International" Trench near St. Eloi, relieving the Queens West Surreys and a bunch from Sussex. They called it "Yeeps." Behind the line we met some Belgians who called it "Yipes," but never a "Wipers" did we hear.

That was a nice comfortable spot just then. Uh-huh! They called it "International" because it changed hands so often. The British tried hard to hold it steady, but the Boches were round on three sides of it.

We used to think they were in the back too, the way the shells came in. But you see the line ran around something like the shore of Humber Bay, only inverted, and they could pump in enfilade fire all over. They used to blast the trench up and come over one day, but the next the Tommies would go up and take it and dig in again. You can judge how comfortable it was in there when you know that just then there was an average of six hundred casualties a week—not in raids or artillery strafes but just in holding up the line.

We were in there for eight days—four in the front line and four in support—and then went back to B camp, near Poperinghe, for a week's rest. After that we spent some time in different parts of the line in the same neighborhood, a good deal of it around the "Gap of Hooge."

Haven't heard of it? Well, that gap was a swampy spot in the line where it was out of the question to keep a regular trench open. So shallow pits were cleaned out as well as possible about fifty yards apart and

a couple of men sent out to each. These, with machine-gun fire, kept the Germans back. It was dirty work out there, though. We used to man the pits half way across, and the Scots Guards, who were on the left, just then, filled up the other half.

At one spot just here was a short bit of trench running out like a sap from the front line to within thirteen yards of the Boches. Somebody, probably because it was a somewhat unnecessary evil, had named it "The Appendix." That used to be a tidy spot for the bombers. Nice spot to spend a night in, out there, with stuff going on all round you, when times were busy, and no idea when a lot of Germans would pound over on top of you. That was one reason men were stationed out there. A couple of bombers can do a nice lot of damage to a raiding party and pretty well bust it up before it gets anywhere near your own trenches.

We had some good tossers there, too. Stanley Park and "Whitey" Masters (whom we'll tell you more about later), had whiffed

baseballs around a good deal with some of the Toronto ball teams and they surely made good at this game. Park could handle a Mills bomb to about thirty-five yards and, believe us, that's some throw.

Just to the right of the "Gap" the Germans had a nasty little sniping post which accounted for a good many of our fellows. When you know that this was nicknamed "The Birdcage," you can perhaps get some idea of it. It was really nothing but a bit of protection built up of sand bags, concrete, and boiler plate which from a little way behind the line looked like a big hornets' nest upside-down. Two snipers used to stay in there all the time and from behind a slit in the boiler plate would pink away at our fellows whenever a bit of humanity showed. We tried all kinds of stunts to break it up without affecting it much. Perhaps it will give you some idea of how good our artillery shooting was at the time when we tell you that we've seen eighteen-pounder shells, one after another, bounce off the sides of that "Birdcage." After

we left that spot, so we were told, the troops were moved back for a while so the "Heavies" could get in some work and they soon put it out of business.

We were in this section off and on for three months. Once we were quartered in reserve near Zillebeck Lake, about three miles behind the lines. We remember that well because there we got a great feed of fish. Some wise guy hit on the idea of taking the detonator out of a bomb and tossing it in the lake which was full of pike and perch. Of course it didn't do a thing to those in the immediate locality. Easier than spearing suckers, that. After a while though, that was stopped and for a funny reason. It seems that the signallers had laid their wires through this lake to save digging and to protect them from shell fire. They began to wonder at headquarters what was happening to these lines. You see when the detonators lit anywhere near the wire they were "rather hard on the insulation," as somebody said. So the boys had to get their fish some other way.

INTRODUCTORY

We could give you a lot of dope on things like this. Could tell how muddy the trenches were, how they blew in our dug-outs—when we had any—how we had to dig those telephone cables in along the line, and a whole grist of such stuff, but that sort of thing has been told a dozen times already. We believe you'll be more interested in what happened a little later, when all the trouble came. And since from this time on our stories run considerably different, it will probably be better for each of us to tell his own.

EDITOR'S NOTE

A glance at the photographs opposite should be interesting at this juncture as giving some light on the temperaments of the men whose individual stories follow.

Evans, who was born in England—in 1892, by the way—and came to Canada sixteen years ago, is of Irish extraction and shows it. He is one of those highly-strung, always-moving chaps, ready to tackle anything which comes along, and with a good deal of the sometimes maligned Irish pugnaciousness mixed in. These qualities, naturally, attracted him to the machine-gun section and in addition he took a course in bombing and had his share of that also till "all the trouble came."

McMullen saw the light in Toronto three years earlier and lived there till bigger things than a carpenter's job called him to France. While he is also of Irish descent he is more

of a matter-of-fact and steadier type. A few years ago he used to pot ducks down on Fisherman's Island and this, probably, helped him to show up so well in his shooting at Hyeth that he was made coach in the sniping course for a while and was given his stripes. Naturally, when he got into the middle of things over in France he wanted to continue the potting with bigger game in prospect and so was counted in with the battalion's snipers.

Out of the Jaws of Hunland

CHAPTER I

STRAFED AND CAPTURED

Jack Evans begins:

It had been pretty quiet on that section of the line for quite a while, but that day, the second of June, our friends across No Man's Land certainly started something. We went in the day before, relieving the 58th Battalion, and even then things were beginning to get a bit unpleasant. The German gunners had been getting a line on the trench with mortars in preparation for the attack which came later, and I can remember one of the 58th's M.G. crew coming out said: "Thank God we're getting out of here for five days. I'm about fed up." It was fairly quiet that night, too. We had a working party out on a sap in front for a while and I was kept busy

covering these with the gun. About four in the morning, just after Stand-to, I rolled in, but "Wedgy" (Lce.-corp. Wedgewood), my mate on the gun, decided to stay up and clean it. About eight-thirty I got hoisted up a bit when a shell from a trench mortar lit square in the dugout. Nice way to get wakened up, that. No intermittent alarm-clock needed. When I came to, I found that another chap and I had been lucky. We got off with only that blow-up, while three of our pals in the same hole were killed. The same shell buried Wedge and the gun. We dug Wedge up and started to clean up a bit. We carried on for a few minutes and then another trench mortar came in just round the parapet and lit into the middle of our machine-gun ammunition. We had about twenty thousand rounds stored there and that shell accounted for all but about three hundred. A few minutes later another shell—a Minnie, I think it was—killed another pal in a dugout just beside us. They were putting a strong line of fire on the front line, on our

wire, and just behind the trench to keep any supports from getting up.

This sort of thing kept on pretty steady all round us. About nine-thirty Wedge and I decided to try to get down the trench about three hundred yards to Number Three gun, hoping to get some ammunition. We started down, carrying the gun, of course—that's one of the cardinal rules, never to leave your gun alone—and found trouble all the way down. Two or three times we stopped to give a hand to fellows who were buried, and every few yards we found a chunk of the parapet blown in, leaving huge gaps. How we ever got across these I don't know for they were being raked with machine-gun fire all the time. I remember, though, we used to back up and take a run at it and usually we felt a whiff of M. G. bullets either in front or behind us.

Yes, they surely gave it to us that morning. It seemed as if all hell was let loose. "Minnies" were dropping around us every minute and sandbags were flying around like dirt at a digging bee. To add another

pleasant touch to it all, the German planes were scooting along low, parallel with the trenches, dropping bombs by the basketful. We'd never thought a plane could drop anything to come within a mile of a mark before that, but they did that day—dropped 'em in apparently wherever they liked. Of course by this time there was nothing much against them.

They've told us since that this was the worst bombardment on the Ypres salient up to that time. I haven't any doubt it was, and I've got a good strong suspicion there hasn't been anything as bad, or at any rate any worse, since. The whole German artillery of the sector was turned loose on a section of line from Hooge to Trench 47, only about a mile and a quarter long. They say since that big shells were landing about every six feet. To us it seemed that they were coming down one about every foot and two or three in a bunch at that. You see they came in from all directions except immediately behind us because the sector poked up into their line.

All this was going on with absolutely no artillery retaliation. Why, we don't know, unless the communications were cut. That was the day, by the way, General Mercer was killed. He was as bad off, I guess, as any of us. One of the chaps I knew, Gregory, a signaller, told me of 'phoning back a message at the General's orders to General Headquarters to "send everything you've got." The answer came that everything would open up. But it didn't come. General Mercer was wounded by shrapnel and then tried to get back to Headquarters through what little was left of a communication trench. Another chunk of shrapnel got him there. Brig.-General Williams was with General Mercer at the time and was captured in a sap where he went for first aid after being wounded.

When we finally got down to Number Three's position after a good deal of trouble, we found absolutely no trace of the gun. She was blown to—well, figure it out for yourself. Three of the crew were gone, too. The other three went the same way a little

while after. We thought we'd try to get down further to Number Two. We knew, you see, that all this dirty work meant a big attack and wanted to get some ammunition if there was any chance at all. We soon found, though, that we might about as well try to get down in the open. For yards the trench was like a pancake and the M.G. men were having a high time covering those spots. So we went back a piece—you could hardly tell whether you'd been past before because things were so blasted around—till we hit a bit of traverse running toward the Germans which somehow or other had been left intact. In this hole, about thirty-five feet long, were Corporal Day and a sergeant of "A" Company. We got down in there and stuck it out till after one o'clock. I spent most of the time—there was nothing else to do—spotting for "Minnies." How the shells pounded that bit of trench around you can guess when I tell you that we carried on there for over an hour, buried up to our waists in sand and rubbish which was

blown in from all around us. During that time all of us got hit once or twice. Wedge got a nasty little scrape with a chunk of shell right across the collar bone. I got mine, shrapnel, too, in the foot, the knee, and the back. Another chunk hit me square on the steel helmet and dinted it in. There's the scar from it, see. But fortunately, none of these was very bad.

About one-thirty we saw three star shells go up from the German lines across from us.

"There's the signal for attack," Wedge said. So we hauled ourselves as well as we could out of the rubbish, climbed up to the parapet—what little there was left of it—and squinted over. There was Fritzy "coming over" in extended order about seventy-five yards away.

By this time we were rather busted up, as you can imagine, what with the shrapnel and the fact that we hadn't had a bite of anything, food nor water, that day. I don't think I was ever so thirsty in my life. I'm not saying anything about being hungry, mind. I found out later something about

what that meant. However, we managed to get the gun into action and, I'm thankful to say, got a few of them. You will know, though, about how long—or I'd better say how short—that three hundred rounds lasted. Say, but that was disappointing. I'd never had so good a chance to mow them down before and we could keep that gun going only a few seconds. That alone was enough to break your heart.

Of course we'd been busy looking after that gun and had absolutely nothing else with us to put up a scrap with. By this time it was every man for himself. There were no orders of any kind—no officers left, and most of the N.C.O.'s out of business, too. So we thought it was about time to get out and get back if possible. We got back over the parados as well as we could, and ran plump into four Fritzies with fixed bayonets. We did not know it, of course, but they had been all around us for some time. That will give you some idea of the shape things were in around there just about then.

There was nothing to do but to flop back into the trench which we did as quick as we could. They fired but missed. We knew they'd follow us up though, so climbed over a bank of rubbish and ran into four more Germans coming down the trench.

What did I think of? I don't know. Somehow or other it never hit me that I was a prisoner till I was over in their trench a little later. I was so wild with anger over our helplessness I didn't know *what* to do. I do remember that there was none of this "Shove up your hands" business you read about. They simply jabbed us in the most convenient portions with their big bayonets and forced us over the parapet. About this time our artillery at last started up a little. When the first shells came over, the Boches who had us flopped. We didn't. Those British shells were too darn good to see.

When we got down into the German trench they marched us along to a dressing station two or three hundred yards up. On the way one big Prussian took a kick at me.

When I stopped and looked at him he kicked again. This time I caught his foot. He came at me with his bayonet and I guess I wouldn't be telling you this, if an officer who seemed a decent sort, or thought they could get some information out of me, had not stopped him. I didn't care much, at that. I was too mad.

When we got a chance we fixed one another up as well as we could. Wedge's wound was bothering him a good deal and we tried to clean it up. For a little while the Germans didn't seem to pay much attention to us. Then an officer who could speak English came up and asked us how long we thought the war was going to last. When we told him we didn't know, he asked us if they had us beaten. Of course we said, No, but we told him we thought they had given us pretty rough handling that morning.

A little later we were ordered back to a church just behind the lines where a party of Canadian prisoners was made up. There were about fifty of us altogether—Princess

Pats, 1st, 4th, and 5th C.M.R.'s, two or three artillery observers, and a few trench mortar men. From there we were forced to go on again and, as we found out later, were billed for a march to Menin, between fifteen and eighteen miles.

Talk about forced marches. I had thought it was pretty bad getting up those muddy old communication trenches with part of the gun, and so it was, but, Great Cæsar! Never believe anybody again when they tell you that was hard. Think of it. Most of us were more or less cut up, but that didn't seem to make any difference. My foot had begun to bother me a good deal by this time, too, but there was nothing for it but to pike along. Some of the other fellows were a good deal worse off than either Wedge or I, but they had to pound along just the same. We were under an escort of mounted Uhlans armed with long lances and ahead of us rode military police on bicycles. They knew where they had to get that night and they kept us moving. We asked for water, thinking we would at least

be given that, but there was nothing doing. Not a drop did we get till we got into Menin at about ten o'clock.

We did get some sympathy, too. I forgot. Several places along the road Belgian civilians tried to show us how sorry they were for us by giving us food. It was no use. The moment the Uhlans saw what was going on, they would ride up and bash them over the head with their lances. One girl, about eighteen years old, who seemed a little more daring than the others, was hit this way and knocked flat in the road. It seemed to be a settled policy to maltreat these poor people at every turn. Often the beggars on the bicycles would get off, when they met people on the road, kick the men and women and cuff the children. This was done absolutely without provocation, too. The Belgians took it the only way they could and so far as we could see didn't show any resentment. Wouldn't have done them any good if they had. The Germans seemed to have done this sort of thing so much that they had them cowed, all the life and

hope beaten out of them. Of course all this got under our skins pretty deep, but what could we do?

When we got to Menin, a Belgian town of about fifteen thousand, we could see traces of the German bombardment of the earlier days. We were put in a horse stable and given our first meal—memorable for several things. It was the first meal under the auspices of our Hun hosts. It gave us our first introduction to German war coffee, and also gave us a chance to make the acquaintance of German war bread.

The coffee was black and hot. Whether it was made of chestnuts, burnt grain, or stove polish we didn't know—and didn't much care so long as it was the liquid our bodies had been crying out for all day.

The bread. Say, when I hear anybody here at home talking about "War Bread" I feel like yelling. What we got was a hunk, mighty small at that, about what would make up a fair half-slice of one of our baker's loaves, of a doughy, sour, black concoction which looked as if it had a sawdust crust.

As a matter of fact it had, as we verified later. The inside mass seemed to be made from turnips. We couldn't begin to eat the stuff then. We learned to, later—when we had to, or die.

Yes, you can put right down as gospel those stories you heard and didn't believe, of bread made from sawdust being fed to the Belgian kiddies. It may not have been all sawdust but the wood was there, just the same. We've had the same stuff, time and time again. Sometimes the principal ingredient seemed to be ground straw. Sometimes it was potatoes. They didn't toss away the hides either. Often we've seen pieces of potato skin sticking out of our allowance of bread.

That was in June, 1916, remember, and that was the chief ration of the Belgian civilians and the allied prisoners at that time and until we left Germany last December. The German civilians got about the same stuff, sometimes a little better. Sometimes neither we nor the civilians got even this bread. But more of this later.

When I think about it I'm surprised that we all seemed to sleep so well that night. Of course we were beastly tired and had no idea of what was coming. Not a single one of the fellows I was with then or talked with later had ever dreamed of being captured, so we didn't worry over what was ahead of us.

Next morning we were poked out good and early, so stiff that it was agony to move at all, were formed up into fours and paraded before an officer who spoke English splendidly. I can remember almost every word of the command which came:

"You are now under German martial law and if you do not give up any papers or any other information in your possession you will be shot."

I had in my pockets two letters, and a book on machine gunnery which I had been working away at in odd moments, and Wedge had another copy of the same book. We didn't want them to get those books, so, being near the end of the line and standing beside a drain, we got them out mighty

carefully and kept tearing them up in our hands. Before they came along to search us we were able to reach down and get those bits of paper down the drain. They took my two letters though.

Breakfast! Say you fellows who have your two eggs after grapefruit and cereal and probably end up on muffins and marmalade, thinking you're doing wonders to forego the old-time slice of bacon! You don't know you're living. Our breakfast that morning was the same as "dinner" the night before—stove-polish coffee we couldn't drink and war bread we couldn't eat. Any of you fat fellows don't need to take long distance running or a course of "bawths" to get back so you can wear one of those dinky morning coats. Just take a couple of months of our experience. You'll need to take a foot or two out of your waistband at the end of it. It's true what they say, all right. We didn't see a single fat man, even moderately fat, in Germany.

About noon they marched the lot of us down to the railway station, a busy place,

for this seemed to be the headquarters for the district. I remember that well, for there I got a real meal—the best one I had in all my seventeen months in Germany.

What was it? How many courses? A gammel (wash basin) of thin pea soup. That was all. But it was mighty good.

After we stood around for a while here in a sort of freight-sorting room, in came about twenty German officers. We wondered what was up when they approached us smiling and very politely, but soon found out what was in the wind. One of them asked me in excellent English how many troops were stationed on the Ypres front, how many guns there were in the sector, and similar things. I didn't know just what to say, not knowing what might happen, but finally I hit on playing up ignorant. "I'm only a common soldier," I said. "It isn't for me to know these things."

They seemed to judge us from the standpoint of their own privates and took all this apparently as gospel.

Another officer who was questioning

Billy Raeside, a Woodbridge boy, still in Germany, though he got away with me for a while on one of the "attempts," asked him the same questions. When the first one, about the troops on the Ypres front, was put to him, Billy scratched his head for a minute and said: "Don't know exactly, sir. But about four million, I think."

The officer came back at him a little stiffly.

"Vat vould you take me for?" he said. "Do you t'ink I'm a fool?" Then he took a kick at Billy and walked away.

The last man they questioned was Wishback, one of our bombers, who had some German blood in him. The officer looked him over and then said: "Kannst du Deutsch sprechen?"

Before "Wish" thought about it, I guess, for he could jabber away in the stuff easy, he said: "No." The officer turned with a grin and shot at him: "Then how do you know what I said?" He didn't get any satisfaction out of him, though, and after a few minutes said: "Ach, was!" and turned away.

It's a wonder they didn't do something to us right there, though. One or two of the boys began to get a little heady, thinking they'd put it over them and started to be smart to them. I guess they concluded there was no use bothering us any further and so left us alone.

One of the officers—perhaps he was trying to be ingratiating—spoke mighty confidentially to a couple of us, saying that if their own prisoners could be depended on to hold their tongues as well as we did they would have less trouble.

About five o'clock we were herded out again, marched to the freight yards, and loaded on cattle trucks. These were what they had moved their own troops in, or had used for the transfer of Belgian civilians. There were some rough seats but not enough to accommodate the forty men allotted to each car. When the train was about to pull out somebody started to sing that glorious classic, "It's a long way to old Tip." Say. It was funny to see the sentries rushing around, shoving their bayonets in through

the bars as if we were a lot of cattle. Meant some tall dodging for us, too. But as soon as they'd quiet down one car and go on to the next all the trouble would start over again.

From five that afternoon till two the next was spent in that car. Nothing to eat. No water. Do you wonder I remember that meal of pea soup? The country? We were too sick and sore to look at it. Besides it was Germany. We didn't want to see it. Of course that train travelled like an express. Nixy. We were freight, and travelled about as fast as some of the coal coming out of Buffalo this winter. Oh, what a night!

However, we existed. There wasn't much else to it. And about two they unloaded us—cattle, you see—on a railway station platform to be "fed and watered." Introductions were frequent these days. Just there we met up for the first time with another concoction which later we found was in plain English dubbed "sandstorm." It was really a sort of thin porridge made from cornmeal with a few rotten figs for flavor-

ing—and the sand. Somehow or other the sand always formed a large portion of the ingredients of this dainty. We flirted with it often. Sometimes were mighty glad to do so. Personally I suspect the food contractor of a nice little bit of graft. Sand in rotten figs or cornmeal bulks 'em up nicely, you know. Perhaps the joke was just on us.

After this great feed we were prodded into the cars again and travelled for another night—or till about 4 A.M. I slept that night, not so badly either, standing up. We had to let the worse-wounded fellows lie down a little while.

In the morning about dawn we were unloaded—not sorry, either—formed in fours, and marched about six miles to Dulman prison camp.

This march, of course, was in Germany in the province of Westphalia, and while we were not so badly treated as some of the fellows we met later, there was no love going to waste in the eyes of the civilians we met along the road. They sneered, of course—and the German is some sneerer,

let me tell you—and called us *Englische Schweinehunde*, and a few other similar things. But they didn't cut much figure with us. By that time we were wondering what sort of thing Mr. Fritz had in for us. We got the first glimpse of the camp from about half a mile away. It stood on a knoll, and when we saw the sentries passing along outside the rows of wire, it hit me that there was mighty little chance of getting out of a spot like that.

Dulman camp was really a quarantine station where the prisoners were held for two or three weeks, to catch any case of disease, before being sent on to other working camps.

When we got into the camp we were greeted by a chorus of yells from other British prisoners who were there before us. Then we were put into tents in the enclosure. Another historic incident occurred here. We were given our first bowl of *Steckrübe* or turnip soup. Since this delicacy became a sort of staple afterward, we were destined to get well acquainted with it before we left Central Europe.

CHAPTER II

HOW I GOT INTO DIFFICULTIES

Corporal McMullen speaks:

My turn to go in that notable week came along on May 29th, and about twelve P.M. we snipers started for 147 Trench to relieve. We found the communication trenches full of men coming back, making it out of the question to get through, so had to work up to Trench 56 and from there down through the front line to 147. I had a message for Colonel Dennison who I expected to find in the Headquarters of the 4th C.M.R., but when I got there he wasn't to be found. So I jumped over the parados and struck back to the snipers' dugout. There was some little strafing that day but nothing unusual, and things stayed about like that till the morning of June 2d.

I had been up on duty all night—that's when we did most of our shooting—and about seven o'clock in the morning went back to the dugout, made a cup of tea, and went to "kip" (sleep). I suppose I had slept about half an hour when a big trench mortar lit beside a road running just past our post and about twenty yards away. That shook the ground like a leaf. They began to come over all around us then so I thought it better to get out and go up to the front line. On the way up I met Jack Ward, one of my friends, and asked him if he thought we were in for some heavy fire. "Oh no," he said. "It's just a few trench mortars to waken us up." He said that he was going back, for the Germans had the range on the communication trenches and were shooting down them like snakes. I thought it would be better to get up into the front line, which I made tracks for, but merely got into it when a "Minnie" came over, burying two fellows just beside me and knocking me over. You know when a shell hits within say ten or twelve feet, the

concussion smacks you nice and solid first, while the earth goes up all around you and comes down again before you can move.

I helped to dig these chaps out and then the "Minnies" began to come over thick. They had us enfiladed, and when we watched for them coming, so as to dodge 'em when possible, we could see them cross in the air. We kept running along the trench on which the Germans turned a hail from their machine guns and in a little while it got so bad we couldn't dodge around any longer. We started back down a communication trench, thinking things might be better, but found it, if anything, worse. It was a mighty hot pickle to be in—the worst shelling by far that part of the line had ever had. About forty times, I think, I only escaped absolute annihilation by a few feet. Finally when we had about all endurance could put up with, I saw a big shell hole beside the trench and said to Flynn, another sniper, and a man from the 33d, who by the way had just come in and naturally was feeling pretty "windy": "Look here, we might as

well be in the open as in here. A shell doesn't often hit in the same place. Maybe we'll be better off out there."

They agreed and we beat it over and settled down nice and comfortable in the bottom waiting—we didn't know for what. We had been in there about four minutes when a big ten-inch brute lit right in the middle of us. When I came to, some time after, I found myself out of the hole and over quite a bit nearer the road. Poor Flynn had disappeared—you'll know how. The 33d man was lying near me groaning. He'd been cut up in the legs pretty badly with shrapnel. At first I didn't know there was much wrong with me, thought the dullness I felt was shell shock. So I crawled over to the other chap and asked him how bad he had it. Only then did I discover the hole in my back. At that time I hadn't any idea how bad it was. A chunk of shell about two inches long went through me just above the hip, a little to one side, and bored a hole as big as a good-sized fist. It's a wonder it didn't finish me on the spot.

As if that wasn't enough, another chunk poked a good-sized hole just at the edge of my right eye. You can see there now where it's healed up. I got out my first-aid kit and tried to get on a bandage, but by that time I was getting stiff and it was impossible to do anything. Even yet I hadn't suffered any pain to speak of. I got enough of that later, though.

I lay down again—there was nothing else to do—and just then a barrage fire opened. I couldn't tell whose it was, since the German artillery was pretty well around us, but those big shells seemed to come in from every direction. There was probably some dose from both sides. Anyway those big fellows came down all around us. And the detonation. I thought I was pretty well used to it by that time, but what we'd had before wasn't a patch to this. Even at that I guess I must have been half-stunned from the big one in the hole. I'd lost my helmet when I was hoisted out of the trench and I won't soon forget how my eyes got full of mud from those shells. That will

give you some idea how close they were. The stuff peppered me all over. I remember there was a patch of woods to the left and I could see the trees being mowed down one by one. How the mischief one of those shells didn't hit me as I lay there is the biggest mystery I know.

Finally I saw the Germans charging over from the left. You see they had broken through all round, our front trench was levelled and they seemed to be trying to clear out something to the right.

Just about then, too, it must have been around noon, a mine went off a few hundred yards to the left. It seemed to me that the ground shook like a small boat does in a rough sea. I thought the whole earth was turning upside down. We found out afterward from one of the fellows who was nearer that the Germans had run a tunnel right under our front trench and some considerable distance behind it, trying to get under our Battalion Headquarters. However, they didn't get quite far enough. By this time there wasn't anybody left at Headquarters

though, so it wouldn't have made much difference.

Well, that charge went over me, and after a while the Fritzies came back and *started to "dig in" not more than ten feet away.* They seemed to have reached their objective but for some reason didn't hold where they were.

How did I feel about it? Well, by that time I was too sick to care much about anything. I had been lying there since early morning, scarcely able to move, had lost a good deal of blood and was beginning to suffer mighty acutely.

One big German who seemed surprisingly kind spotted me and stopped, asking if I were wounded. I wondered if there was any chance of getting him to dress the big wound for me, so showed it him. When he looked he held up three fingers and said, "Drei." It appeared, as I afterwards found to be the case, that there were three holes through me instead of one, as I had thought.

When I showed him the bandage and motioned for him to put it on he shook his

head. I suppose I couldn't blame him much for our shells kept on lighting all around. He did give me a drink of water and a cigarette. That swig of water seemed to clear out my mind a bit and I lay there on my side watching those beggars digging in.

One other fellow out of the bunch called out "Kamerad, wounded?" I beckoned for him to come out to help me but not a foot would he come.

When it began to get dark I knew I would have to do something or I would be dead in the morning so I called over to the other chap to see if he were still alive—he had lain as if asleep all day—and told him I was going to try to get into the German trench. Of course our position was all busted up, I knew there wasn't a chance in a billion of anybody from our lines getting to me, and the Germans had had things so much their own way that there seemed no Red Cross men around anywhere.

Never will I forget that night. It took me three quarters of an hour to get over

that ten feet. Every move was an agony. Every nerve in me seemed to be strained to the limit. A dozen times I quit, thinking I might as well die out there as anywhere else, but, as they say, life is sweet when there's even a chance for it, so I managed to get together resolution enough to keep on. Finally, I got close enough so that one or two of them reached out and pulled me in. Even at that they let me flop down on the bottom of the trench like a sandbag.

The other chap got in a little later. He was only hurt in the legs but had been very weak. They carried him off behind somewhere and I never heard of him again.

I lay there, with those dirty beggars walking over and around me for perhaps half an hour, when two big fellows came along and picked me up, one by the legs, the other by the arms. I felt as if I was pulling in half and hollered like a bull. The hollering didn't affect them any, however, and they carried me back through a communication trench to the former German lines.

After a bit, about eleven o'clock, I guess, they carried me back about half a mile farther. At that time our old shells were whizzing over the line and they sounded mighty good to me. They apparently had orders to take me still farther, but their trenches were getting bad by this time and they were afraid to cross the open spots. They hesitated for a long while and finally took me into a big dugout which seemed to be a sort of second-line dressing station. Here they put some sort of a big dry bandage on me and tossed me over on a bench. I went out of my head for a while, I guess, for I seemed to wake up and hear a familiar voice. "I know that guy," I thought, and when I mustered up resolution enough to turn my head I saw Corporal Thornton, from "A" Company of my own battalion, a Toronto boy, by the way, who had also been badly wounded a little farther up the line. He sat down on the floor beside me.

Every once in a while a bunch of Germans would come in for minor dressings. That was our first sight of them when they weren't

on duty, and we didn't think much of it. Why, they carried on like a bunch of kids, moaning and crying over nothing. Say, they fussed like babies over little cuts that our fellows would laugh at and fix up themselves. While they were waiting to get fixed up they would come across, look us over, and call us names. On the whole, though, after some things we had heard, we were rather surprised that we were left so much alone.

That was a cheery spot all right, that dugout. When I was feeling pretty bad, well along into the night, I happened to look up above me and saw, what do you think—a lot of R.I.P. crosses stored there all ready for use on the graves of the poor beggars who were planted around in the vicinity. Oh yes, the Germans are good organizers, all right.

In spite of it all we managed to sleep a little. Perhaps it was as much unconsciousness as sleep. Remember I hadn't had a bite to eat for over thirty hours and only one drink, and that out of a German water bottle, in that time.

I won't forget how I was waked up or brought back to consciousness somewhere about dawn, either. One of our big shells plowed its way down through the earth above, hit the corner of the dugout opposite us, and exploded. Funny what those big fellows do. This one lifted Thornton clean out of the door, and kicked me around, so that I got a good sharp crack on the head against a supporting pillar. I think it killed a couple of Germans. Of course the lights went out and I couldn't tell very well what happened. I do know the rest of the beggars went shrieking out into the trench. I got out of the rubbish somehow or other after a while and out into the trench beside Thornton, and there we lay till about three that afternoon. All this time the Germans were passing up and down though it was fairly quiet. Once a high officer and a sergeant-major stopped, looked at us, called us a few dirty names, but didn't interfere with us. We were mighty lucky, I guess, though neither of us cared much, just then, what happened. They couldn't

have done anything to us which would have caused any greater agony than we were suffering then.

When I thought I had been dead a dozen times over, a couple of privates came along with a pole and a heavy sheet and carried us—nice and smoothly, I don't think—to another dressing station. Ever been carried this way even when you were fit? Try it and see how it feels.

Here we came under a doctor's hands for the first time. They took off my clothes and after an inoculation dumped me on an operating table and cleaned out my wounds. Taken all in all I have been rather surprised, when I've stopped to think about it since, at the fairly decent treatment I got there. The doctor was rough, of course, but I guess not any more so than was to be expected. They gave me a little tote of rum, too, which helped me through this.

About six o'clock four big chaps came along with stretchers and carried us back perhaps a mile to an ambulance. From here, with Thornton above me, we were

carried, rather more comfortable than previously, into Menin and there placed in a sort of hospital in the waiting room of the railway station. There were about thirty of us altogether, mostly Germans, in that room, and so far as I could see we Canadians got the same treatment as the Germans did. One of the doctors who examined me here suggested that I give him a wrist watch, a present from my mother. Foolishly, I guess, I handed it over, but was mighty sorry afterward.

I slept fairly well that night, lying on sacking stretched over a wooden framework, but was still feeling pretty sick in the morning, for when they came around with a bowl of coffee and a piece of bread I didn't want any. We lay there till the middle of the afternoon when we were carried out to a train and put aboard. That was the most comfortable place I had struck for a good while. They were regular compartment coaches, but the long seats made pretty fair beds, much more so than our American coaches would do. Here we were given a

bowl of soup, and some bread and coffee. By this time I was about ready for some kind of food and enjoyed it. From then we travelled off and on till we got into Courtrai, a historic spot near the French border, in the early morning.

Courtrai, we found, meant our first hospital experience, for Thornton and I were taken to what had formerly been a Belgian institution and put in a ward where a few of our fellows were already installed. The first thing we heard when they carried us in was a cheery voice singing out from one of the beds: "Hooray! how's old Canada getting on?" It was a chap named McKay, from Fort William, who had been brought in some time before.

We were in this place four days, during which time I was taken to the operating table again and given some more fixing up. The doctor here certainly knew his business. Like all the German doctors he was rough, but he seemed to know what he was doing and I felt satisfied that he did all that was possible for me. We had Belgian and

German nurses here, both of whom were kind and attentive. Other fellows I've met tell me I struck it lucky. Perhaps I did. I had nothing to complain of here and certainly saw nothing of the barbarities practiced on prisoners such as they told of.

In the same hospital, by the way, in a ward above us, General Williams, who had been wounded and captured in the same engagement, was under treatment at the time.

Just when we were beginning to feel a little at home here we were shifted again, this time down to Duisburg, which seemed to be a sort of hospital center. This time we were interested in being transferred to a German hospital train of fifteen Red Cross coaches, the patients including both Germans and prisoners. These cars had every provision for comfort and so far as that goes things were not objectionable. The doctors were not by any means so kindly here, though. They used to come through and, apparently for mere curiosity, examine our wounds. By this time the

wound in my back, in spite of the somewhat heroic treatment given it, had begun to look pretty bad, I guess. These fellows used to turn me over to look at me, give a very expressive "Ugh!" from away down in their throats, and pass along. Some comfort, wasn't it? I found out later, when things looked a little brighter, that I had been tabulated as the worst case among fifteen other British prisoners who were being carried on that train.

I had a good meal on that train too, the best meal I had in Germany—potatoes, carrots, cabbage, and a very little boiled beef. They offered us bread, too, but we couldn't touch it then. That sounds pretty good. And that's just the way it tasted. But—I only had such a meal once.

Arriving at Duisburg we were put into electric trolleys with a double row of hammocks in place of the seats which had been removed and from these transferred to a big hospital.

It helped a whole lot that I was fortunate enough to fall in with friends a good deal

of the time during these hospital experiences. While they put Thornton into another ward here I was surprised to find, when I was carried into a small room with five beds, that I knew one of the men, Sergeant Darby. Corporal Botel and a young lad named Carnahan occupied other beds.

They took me to an operating room again, here—by this time I began to get used to that side of the business—and an old doctor, the younger ones all seemed to be at the front, attended to me. The nurses here were young girls, apparently without a great deal of experience, probably corresponding to our V.A.D.'s. Some of them were kind enough but the most of them showed that they didn't bear any particular love for us. I suppose it was only natural, but it did seem rather hard to have one of those girls —one or two of them were mighty attractive—smile ironically and sneer, when the dressing was particularly painful. In a second operation they took out of my back a piece of my leather belt which had been

carried in with the chunk of shell and most of the way through me.

Here for the first time we got an idea of what the Germans themselves were thinking of the war. In three or four weeks I got so I could get around a little on crutches, and a few of us used to be allowed out in a little court in the hospital yard. Here one day I got into conversation with a sentry, a soldier who had been on both the Russian and the Western fronts. By this time I had picked up a little German and he knew a little English so we could understand one another fairly well. He told me that he had his orders to return to France shortly, but that he was heartily sick of the whole thing and was ready to do anything to get out of it. Three other wounded men I got in touch with incidentally were sent back even before they were anyway fit. They told me that this was the way it worked in Germany. That every man was used, even if he had an arm off.

Our food was mainly soup and bread. Thin soup, made from turnips or potatoes,

with once in a long while a very little meat. Occasionally, for a change, we got a little rice. Not the kind your mother used to give you, full of raisins with a sprinkle of brown sugar all over the top. No indeed. We got only the pure stuff, without sweetening of any kind, and were mighty glad to get that.

What we got wasn't so bad, but we didn't get half enough and were hungry all the time. Do you know anything of what that feeling is? This was before our Red Cross parcels began to come in to us and we had absolutely nothing but what they allowed us. Once, after talking it over, we made a complaint to the Hospital Commandant, who seemed to be not such a bad old fellow, and, so that he couldn't accuse us of being unreasonable, asked if we could have a little larger bread allowance.

"More bread?" he said, in reply. "You can thank Lloyd George for what you have got. At that you are getting as much as we are. All we are allowed is a half-pound a day."

He seemed to be telling the truth and from what we learned afterward I guess he was. So we thought we were pretty lucky and quit kicking. We found out a few months later how lucky we really were.

In another ward of the same hospital were a number of Frenchmen and just at this time they were getting a good deal of stuff in from home—biscuits, bread, tobacco, and such stuff. One of these poilus, who shared up his tobacco and biscuits with us, used to show us what came in his biscuits. He would run his knife in and locate a piece of money every time.

To be fair, I think I should tell about the civilians who came to see us occasionally. Duisburg is a place of 100,000 I suppose, a manufacturing center on the Rhine, and the people seemed to be fairly well off, though they certainly had no food to spare. Sometimes on Sunday afternoons some of the women would come in to see us. They seemed to like to talk about Canada, appeared to be quite friendly, and quite often expressed sympathy for us. Occasionally

they gave us a cigarette apiece, and once or twice they gave us ten or fifteen pfennigs in money. From a verandah to which we had access we could hail the passing children and we used to get them to go and buy cigarettes for us when we had money. We expected at first that we wouldn't see them again, but invariably they came back with our supply. Occasionally, too, some musicians came around to the hospital and helped to while away an hour or two. Of course they played for their own men, not for us, but we enjoyed it just the same.

CHAPTER III

FROM HOSPITAL TO PRISON CAMP

Corporal MacMullen continues:

We thought while we were at Duisburg we were having a pretty hard time. So we were, so far as getting enough to eat was concerned. Outside of that I suppose there wasn't very much to complain about. But, unhappily, the Duisburg experiences didn't last long.

I was at the hospital about seven weeks and at the end was getting so I could get along, with difficulty, without crutches. One morning we were issued new uniforms, mine being that of a German sailor, one or two of the other chaps being arrayed in Belgian privates' clothes. We knew that meant something new and that something was not long in coming. That day

fifteen of us Canadians, with some other prisoners, were put aboard the train and after a three-hour trip were landed near Wesel, in sight of, but about a mile and a half away from, Friedrichsfeld Camp, the second largest prison camp and one of the largest military training camps in Germany. Here I was destined to spend a good deal of my time during the next fourteen months.

That mile and a half was the spot that broke the camel's back all right. We had to walk it and carry whatever we had with us. Since I had only been off crutches a week or so and done little moving around at that, you won't be surprised that I was about all in when we finally reached the camp.

And here I began to really realize that I was a prisoner. The camp proper occupied about a square mile on a flat plain surrounded by bush. At intervals observation posts, in the shape of wooden towers, were placed and in these we could see sentries behind machine guns. The prisoners' enclosure was surrounded by two rows of

barbed wire about ten feet high, strung on posts four feet apart, and between these was, as we learned later, more wire electrically charged.

We Canadians were taken first to a room outside the camp itself and questioned as to our knowledge of military matters. I don't think they got much out of us, though. Then we were marched into the camp and allotted to No. 2B barrack, which proved to be a wooden hut, about three hundred feet long, thirty-five feet wide, and fifteen feet high, and arranged to accommodate six hundred men. Since there were ten thousand prisoners in the camp at the time, you can imagine how many of these barracks there were and what a size the place was. In addition to these there were seventy or eighty thousand prisoners attached to the camp, who had been through it but were placed out at work on the farms and in various factories.

We found about forty other Canadians in the barracks, together with a number of Englishmen. In the camp at this time,

however, there were also Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans, an occasional Sikh and Gurka, and also French, Algerians, Arabs, and Russians. Afterwards a number of Belgian civilians were also put in the same camp. Quite a cosmopolitan gathering, you see. They tried to keep the different classes together as much as possible.

Where possible, a non-com. was put in charge of each barracks, and we soon got acquainted with Sergeant-Major Cullenham, who supervised No. 2B. He and the other fellows gave us what food and tobacco they could spare. They had been getting Red Cross parcels, you see. And then we were told that we would shortly be examined as to our physical fitness. When he saw what shape I was in, Cullenham advised me to try to be as sick as possible, but was not very encouraging as to what the result would be.

The next morning they put us through this examination. And I can assure you that it wasn't particularly gentle. I could scarcely hobble around at all so I didn't

have to try to be sick. When the doctors sized me up they told me to bend over. I honestly tried to bend as far as I could which at that time wasn't very far. They demanded that I bend further, and when I made out that I couldn't, two of them grabbed me and bent me almost double. It seemed to be breaking my back and was so bad that I fainted and fell on the floor. This apparently didn't impress them much, however, or they thought I was malingering, for they placed me in category 2B, which meant that I was fit for "fatigue" duty in camp and outside. Their classes seem to correspond pretty well with those fixed by our own military authorities, but naturally the standard was applied rather differently in the case of prisoners. The fact that I had my corporal's stripes probably had something to do with this too.

I found out shortly that "fatigue" duty was to be no sinecure. At first it meant shovelling sand and laying rails for travelling cranes.

The camp had originally been surrounded

by a moat about twenty-five feet wide and fifteen feet deep, presumably as an added protection against escape. We were told, however, that when the water had become stagnant, some time before, it had been condemned as a menace to health and had been drained. It was partly filled in and then someone seems to have discovered that a projected ship canal from Dortmund, by way of the river Lippe, would pass near the camp and that this moat could be used. So the prisoners were set to digging it out again. And it was at this sort of thing that I was first set to work.

You can imagine that I wasn't in any shape to keep at work like this steadily. At times I simply had to sit down to rest my back. No sooner would I get down, however, than a guard would come along who would poke me with a bayonet and with a "Raus, schwein Englander!" would force me to get up again. This work hit me so hard that when we were allowed into the camp for lunch and supper I was too sick to eat anything, but just lay on my

bunk in agony, wondering how much longer I could stand it.

Once I went down at the Sergeant-Major's advice and reported sick. They simply looked at me, said "Gut," and sent me out to work again.

Occasionally in the afternoons I got a little relief when they put me at peeling potatoes, of which at that time they seemed to have a fair supply. Even at that they watched us mighty closely to see that we took off thin peelings. Oh they were mighty careful about food all right.

What did we get to eat? Well, for breakfast, served at 6 A.M. we got coffee made from acorns. It was simply vile-tasting warm water, with no nourishment whatever. We used to drink water in preference, which, thank heaven, we did get lots of. For dinner, at twelve, they usually handed out turnips or mangels boiled into soup. Once in a long while this was thick and somewhat satisfying. Usually it was thin and more of an aggravation than anything else. Bread fatigue was called at

two, and here a loaf of war bread, such as Jack has described, was divided among eleven men. The allowance was two hundred grammes per man, which would be the equivalent of a fairly thick slice from one of our baker's loaves. We got this at six with a little "sandstorm" soup. We were supposed to save the bread, or part of it, for breakfast, but when it was at all eatable nobody could ever work up resolution enough to hang on to any of it. Often it was absolutely uneatable. At least *we* couldn't manage it. We could always dispose of it, however, to the Russians, who, poor fellows, seemed to suffer dreadfully from the meager ration and who could get away with anything. Someway or other the Russians had quite a bit of money among them and were always ready to pay for anything we might give them.

But the continued sensation of gnawing hunger was terrible. If it hadn't been for the Red Cross parcels I think most of us would have died.

How did the parcels get to us? Well, it

was really a remarkable system. Notification was sent to Headquarters in London of every British prisoner and of his whereabouts. A little time afterwards he received a postal card of inquiry, asking as to the sizes of clothing and boots. Then a parcel containing an outfit of a prisoner's uniform, underclothing, socks, and boots was sent in. This was all splendid stuff. Why, at times we were infinitely better clothed than the German soldiers in the training camp near-by. When these uniforms came in the Germans would cut a chunk out of the right sleeve and sew a strip of red in here and also up the back of the coat as well as on the trousers. This was for identification, of course. My parcel of clothing did not come along, however, till two or three months after I was sent to Friedrichsfeld Camp and I was in terrible shape till this reached me.

How we looked forward, though, to the food parcels. These were arranged to come in every fortnight. Unfortunately, however, their delivery was very irregular.

Sometimes we got eight or nine parcels together. You can imagine how "fine" we had been before this and how we lit into them when a bunch did arrive. Of course we shared up with one another and that helped along a good deal.

Say, that bully beef and canned salmon used to be great. You see we were getting absolutely no meat in our ration, and while a vegetarian diet may be all right if you've got enough of it, it wasn't very attractive to us when scanty, particularly after we'd had all the beef and bacon and mutton we wanted up in the trenches. The food parcels came in stout wooden boxes supposed to carry about thirty pounds, and besides the beef and salmon we got oatmeal, rice, dates, tea or cocoa, and soap. That soap was used for other purposes than washing and intrinsically was more valuable to us than we had ever imagined. That, however, comes in later on. In addition to these at that time, we got occasional parcels from home. Since then, that has been stopped.

Didn't the Germans steal these parcels? No, I don't think they did, very often. You see, the thing was arranged pretty well to avoid the possibility of that. The stuff was sent from England to Holland and put on trains there by British interned men. The trains came right over the border and direct to the camps and the stuff wasn't handled, usually, until it arrived. Then some of our men were detailed to get it into the camp, all this being done under the sergeant-major's inspection. If it hadn't been so well cased up I suppose there would have been a good deal of it missing when it reached us, but it was pretty hard to get inside those wooden boxes without leaving a trace. Then, you see, the parcels for each man were numbered consecutively. A postal card would be sent, announcing when one was sent to you, and if the parcel did not arrive in what seemed reasonable time, a complaint could be made. I don't think I missed more than two or three of my parcels all the time I was in Germany, and these may have been used by some of

the boys in the camp while I was out on the farms outside.

If it hadn't been for the awful hunger and the depressed feeling that we were prisoners I suppose we should have considered ourselves fairly comfortable in that camp. There were several ways of putting in the time,—what little we had, aside from working.

For instance, we had religious services on Wednesday nights and twice on Sunday, conducted by Corporal Oliver, who had been a preacher in England. These were held in a little hut which was reserved for the purpose. The Church of England service was used, principally, I suppose, because some Prayer Books and Hymn Books to go with it had been sent in. We used to enjoy these services too. In some way they seemed to mean a good deal more to us than such things had done at home.

When we heard that one or two of our fellows were working as stonemasons we were interested enough to inquire further as to what they were doing. It was con-

siderable of a surprise to find that they were cutting gravestones. And thereby hangs rather an interesting story.

Behind the camp and about a quarter of a mile away was a huge cemetery, which we found had been used during the War of 1870 and was again being used, for the interment of prisoners who died while in the prison camp, as many of them, poor fellows, did. There was a British as well as a French section and occasionally our fatigue work took us down there to cut the weeds and clean the place up. Yes, it was fairly well kept. You see, there was an arrangement that if any one wanted to visit a friend's grave, he could put in a written request to the camp commandant and permission was usually given a week or so later. This visit was always on a Sunday afternoon when we were not on regular duty. Then one could go down for a little while, under guard, of course, and do any little work he pleased to make his friend's grave look better. In that way things were looked after fairly well. It may be a comfort to any parents

whose sons have died while in one of these camps, to know that their graves are carefully marked, probably by a stone cut by one of their comrades, and will apparently be well preserved. I went down to the English cemetery once or twice on Sundays, but it was so depressing, thinking about the sadness of it all, that I didn't want to go again.

CHAPTER IV

INTO "THE BLACK HOLE" OF GERMANY

Jack Evans resumes:

WE found Dulman Camp to be merely an enclosure about three quarters of a mile square, in which about nine thousand prisoners, made up of a representation of practically all the Allies, were given questionable shelter in canvas-roofed huts. Naturally we looked around at first to see if there were any prospects of escape. But when we saw three rows of wire, found out that one of these was electrically charged by a high-tension current furnished by a power house right in the place, we began to get our eyes opened. In addition to the wire, there were sentries both inside and out, and not satisfied with this they had placed a row of outposts, also guarded by

sentries, from a hundred to two hundred yards out. No, we found means of getting away from other camps and I suppose if we'd been there long enough would have tried there, but there were very few attempts.

We went through something of the same procedure as Fred has described at Friedrichsfeld, only I think he was mighty lucky. He had his troubles afterward, all right, but certainly got off easy in the hospitals and in his first camp experiences. You see, I hadn't the honor of being a corporal, so got it put to me a good deal harder.

We used to be rooted out at 5.30 and sent to wash. Soap? What are you giving us? I never saw any soap all the time I was in Hunland except what came in our Red Cross parcels. By that time the Germans had almost forgotten what soap was. It was a real delicacy for them. Then we went to work. At 9.30 we were given coffee—No, I don't think it was percolated—and at noon a bowl of thin turnip soup. We worked on this from one till 5.30 and then came in with glorious appe-

tites for "dinner," consisting of "sandstorm" and a little bread. Besides being black, doughy, and sour, the bread possessed characteristics such as are attributed to ancient cheese. You had to hold on to your chunk —tether it, so to speak—or there was danger of it getting away from you. We were expected to save this bread till morning, just as Fred has told you they were supposed to do in Friedrichsfeld, but under these conditions, well, would you expect us to?

One time they did give us what seemed to be an unusual treat when we found bits of meat floating round in the noon-day soup. It tasted rather queer, so we asked one of the cooks what it was. When he said "Dog," and saw that we didn't believe him, he lifted the cover off the pot and showed us. Better quit about this, hadn't I?

I guess the Germans themselves knew more about this sort of thing than we did, however. One of the French prisoners who had been out working on a small farm told of having a meal with the family and

of being surprised when served with meat. When he asked where it came from they told him it was their Fido, or whatever name the animal bore. When people ask us sometimes whether we weren't often chased by dogs during our attempts at escape later and we tell them No, they never seem to guess the reason. There's a good one, nevertheless, and it shows just how scarce meat of any kind is in Germany.

To show you to what depths human beings can be brought by hunger it is perhaps only necessary to note that once just about this time, when we hadn't any parcels for a good while, we made a raid on the garbage cans around the cook house. The contents were usually very carefully preserved and shipped out of the camp, I presume for food for cattle or pigs. Anyway, we were delighted that day to get a small supply each of potato peelings and turnip tops. These were usually boiled up but, somehow or other, had been thrown out that time. It didn't do us any good, however, for when it came to soup time next

day there was no soup forthcoming, and the excuse was that there was none to give us. Another time when we were about desperate a bunch of us made a raid on the cellar of the cook house. We were fortunate enough to get a few potatoes but again suffered as a result, for no dinner was forthcoming next day.

Shortly after we were sent to Dulman my injured foot began to trouble me a good deal and I got a chance to take on a job as barber. There were two of us to attend to four hundred British prisoners, who were supposed to be shaved and trimmed up once a week. We had four razors and a very poor strop between us, but no hone, and no chair. We did improvise a chair, though, by putting an inverted stool at an angle on a table, while the "customers" lay back comfortably (?) along the legs. Say, I think I was cursed more in that month or so than I would get in a lifetime in hell. Of course it was pretty hard on the poor chaps and I couldn't blame them. Then again they couldn't blame me, for I

certainly did the best I could with what I had at hand. No, there were no tips extended.

On one occasion every one was started cleaning up everything around the camp, and some way the word got round that an official was coming to visit us. It turned out to be United States Ambassador Gerard. I wonder if he remembers that day in Dulman Camp when a long, lean, rough-looking geeser, with his cheek bones standing out, stepped out, when he asked if we had any complaint, and asked if he couldn't arrange to get us a little more food? That was me. Mr. Gerard apparently sympathized with us and was very decent, promising to take the matter up with the camp commandant. He said also that our parcels would soon be coming, which would help us. I guess he had the interview with the commandant all right, but it did no good. We got no more food.

That was the way it worked often. When any official from any other country was expected, they would make us clean up, and

the food would improve—for a few days. After the visit things went back again to former conditions.

However, we were to find out shortly that Dulman Camp, bad as we thought it, wasn't by any means the worst place in Germany.

After two months here, about fifty of us were given a medical inspection and inoculation and one morning were marched out and loaded on a railway truck for a trip of about thirty miles. We were told we were being sent out to work on a farm and naturally were quite elated, because we thought we would surely be able to get hold of more food some way. It was a farm, all right—"Sunnybrook Farm," as the fellows called it—but turned out to be the Auguste Victoria gruber, one of the largest coal mines and coke manufactories in Germany. It had another distinction, as we soon found when we got there, in being known among prisoners as "The Black Hole" of Germany. This arose, perhaps, from the fact that what were considered the least tractable prison-

ers were sent there. Whether I deserved the distinction or how I earned it has always been a matter of conjecture.

The mine head and coke ovens, together with the huts of the prison camp, were enclosed in a compound about a quarter of a mile square. The accompanying sketch will give a better idea of its arrangement and of the possibility of some rather interesting subsequent events than is possible otherwise.

We found on arrival, and after getting in touch with other prisoners, that there were about 750 fellow-prisoners—French, Russians, and Belgians, as well as a good representation of British, and that these, with a considerable number of German civilians, operated the mine and coke ovens. Ordinarily a civilian force of three thousand or more was employed.

When the British prisoners told us what we were up against we said we would refuse to work. They laughed at us rather sadly and said that we could refuse all we liked, that it would do no good, that others had

tried the same thing with rather unpleasant results. They told us stories of prisoners who had been stood up against the coke ovens till their faces were scorched and one or two showed us the resulting scars. One Scotchman from the Fusiliers, Menie, I think his name was, showed us a bayonet wound in his face, not yet quite healed, which had come as a result of his refusal. With this we appreciated the situation.

Our party got into the camp on Saturday. That night I was issued with mining clothes and detailed to go to work on Monday. Some of the fellows had to start in on Sunday night.

Here is a sort of resumé of what happened:

On Monday morning about 4 A.M., I was kicked awake and was then marched off to the mine-head where I changed my clothes, putting on a special suit marked with distinguishing stripes on coat, pants, and cap. Then I was given a slip of paper bearing a number, in this case 3575, and also bearing the number of the *revere* or gallery I was assigned to. Another chap,

Raesides, and myself were put under the tender care of two six-foot Prussian civilians, one of whom, by the way, had been at the front, and were escorted to the cage and dropped down half a mile or so to the operating level. The mine machinery seemed modern, everything was nicely electrically-lighted and at first things didn't look so bad.

We had been told by the other fellows that the ordinary practice of these Prussian civilians and the *Steigers*, or foremen, was to try to scare the daylights out of the prisoners at first, so that they would have them cowed, and were advised not to let them bulldoze us. So when they put us at shoving stone wagons where blasting was going on, and started to yell at us and to threaten us as though we were slaves, we saw how things were moving. At "Buttin" time, about 10 A.M., when they sat down to eat, we naturally rested and then they questioned us as to what sort of work we had done previously. Thinking we would see whether we could jolly them, Rae said he

had been a pugilist, and when my turn came I told them, as best I could, that I was a cowboy. Of course we knew practically no German then, and while one of them spoke a little English he didn't "get" that word. They seemed to understand, however, when Rae sketched it on the mine wall. And after that, for a little while, they seemed a little less overbearing.

Those were ugly brutes though, and we were continually getting into trouble. Once, after they had threatened him repeatedly, Rae hit one of them on the chin with a shovel. This quieted them down for a while, but apparently they complained about us for in a little while we were split up, one working with each of the Prussians. We made a compact that we would stand together if anything happened, and several times when either of them got obstreperous, called each other for help and thus were able to hold them off pretty well.

After about six weeks of this, though, they put in a complaint that we would not work. What happened? We were

taken outside in the weather, and, minus any topcoat and with the thin coats we had unfastened, were made to stand at *still-gestanden* (Attention) for six hours. It was cold then, Jiminy! it was cold, but there was no help for it. It's a wonder we didn't freeze to death.

Another time, when Bill Flannagan, my closest chum in the army, was killed by falling stone in the mine, we again refused to work. We were made to stand at attention again to about the limit of our physical ability, and every once in a while the sentry would come along and give us a dirty kick.

I got lots of that sort of thing for it used to hit me that every shovelful of coal was probably being used to help make munitions to use against our fellows back there in the trenches. When those feelings would come I would refuse to work. Invariably would come this *stillgestanden* business, and I don't know anything that will break a fellow quicker. Once they kept me standing without food or water for thirty-six hours, and once in that time I got to my

limit and fainted. That didn't do any good, however, for they tossed a bucket of water over me and when I came to, kicked me up into the line again. What could we do under circumstances like these? It broke our hearts to do it but there was nothing for it but to go back again to the shovelling.

These civilian miners worked by the piece and of course it was in their interests to get all they could out of us. We were supposed to receive five marks (about a dollar) a week for our labor. Usually, however, they found a way to make *Strafes* or fines in this so that we were fortunate if we drew one mark of it.

I was forced at this sort of thing, and all the time was suffering from hunger and other privations, for about eight months. Then, just before Christmas one day, something seemed to bother me and instead of going into the old workings I went off to another spot and lay down. It wasn't long before three *Steigers* caught me asleep. They lit into me with sticks and hammered me up pretty badly. I stood it as long as I

could, but suddenly my dander flared up and I grabbed up a miner's lamp standing near, swung it around, and hit one of them a pretty bad crack on the chest. This settled them for the moment, but I was marched off to an underofficer of the camp where a charge was laid. I expected, of course, to be punished, and was not surprised, for I was given three days in "black cells." When I got out I refused to work and expected further treatment, but the case took a funny turn. It appeared that I was charged with a crime, but since this was against civilians it was ruled that I should be tried in a civilian court. So a few days later I was marched off under guard, down to Recklinghausen for a preliminary trial. From here I was sent on to a higher court, apparently a county court, at Dortmund. You can understand that I was prepared for almost anything. I was rather surprised, however, to be given an interpreter and a lawyer. I had planned to put on as bold a front as possible, had borrowed a good-looking uniform from one of the other fel-

lows, and had tried to polish up as much as I could. When my name was called, I walked out in front of the judge and jury and appealed as straightforwardly as I knew how, in the name of a British soldier, for a square deal. My remarks were duly interpreted and the judge assured me that I would be justly treated. And I want to say right here that I was. It was some sensation, though, to be the only Englishman—indeed, the only countryman other than Germans—in a German court, and a prisoner of war besides.

As the case proceeded, one of the *Steigers* charged that I had begun the fracas by striking him with the lamp on the jaw. When my turn came, I gave my evidence straightforwardly and submitted, as strongly as I knew how, that if the blow had been delivered on the jaw, as the *Steiger* charged, there would have been a scar from the wound. I was closely cross-examined but stuck to my story and in the end was let off scot-free while one of the *Steigers* was fined a hundred marks and costs.

After the trial the *Steigers* wanted the guard who had me in charge to go into an inn and have a drink with them. I told him to go along, that I would wait for him, but apparently he did not care to trust me, for he motioned me to come along also. Now those fellows certainly didn't intend me to drink with them and at their expense, particularly after one of them had been fined, but when they sat down at a table with one vacant chair I had nerve enough to sit down too. And when the girl took their order for *Heissen Schnapps* all round, I said *Heissen Schnapps* too. At first one or two of them wanted to interfere, but one of the others said: "Oh give the *Schweine-hund* a drink. He should get it. He has nerve enough." Altogether I got four drinks out of those fellows, and then they had a few more rounds which apparently they did not care to pay for for me.

A little time afterward one of the three *Steigers* appealed the case and it was carried to a higher court, this time again at Recklinghausen, where the former preliminary

trial had been held. Here the same procedure was followed, and in the end the appellant was fined twenty marks and costs and again I was let off.

This incident seemed to have a beneficial effect at the mines. Perhaps it led to some new regulations among the *Steigers*. We never heard. At any rate conditions were improved afterward to some extent at least, so far as the treatment by the *Steigers* was concerned.

These *Steigers*, by the way, were an illustration of the result of German military methods. Most of them had been sergeant-majors in the army, in which positions they had developed their brutality and bullying tactics. And the way they used the German civilians was a shame. No Canadian would stand for it for a moment. It didn't work out on our fellows, though. I think I am fair in saying, and I'm not boasting, either, that the British prisoners had the upper hand of the civilian laborers almost without exception. And this illustrates rather succinctly the difference between

the two peoples. These poor German chaps had been brow-beaten in the army and during whatever work they were engaged in till they took almost anything without kicking. Our fellows had been looking out for themselves and wouldn't stand for any undue interference.

Some time after the trial I was put to work with a very decent *Steiger*, Fritz, an older man than most of them, who used me very fairly. He was really too old to work at that sort of thing, but had to do it. He lost no opportunity of expressing his hatred for England, and one day when I asked why he was so bitter, he told me that he had lost five sons, killed in the war. He was filled up with the Junkers' idea that England had started the scrap and so it wasn't very much wonder he felt hardly toward us.

We got the impression from these civilians that they had lost interest in the war. At that time they were badly off for food and were more interested in the prospects for food than for any likelihood of victory.

As old Fritz said to me one day: "Kein Brot, kein Fleisch, keine Söhne. Deutschland ist verrückt." (No bread, no meat, no sons. Germany is crazy.)

These fellows used to fill us up with stories of what the Zepps. were doing in England and especially in London. While we didn't believe, of course, all they told us, it was mighty dispiriting not to know whether there was anything in it or not. At one time they told us that the Zepps. were bombarding the shores of America, and since the United States hadn't yet entered the war, we thought it must be in Canada and thought about the poor people in Halifax. Then that paper you've likely heard of, *The Continental Times*, printed in English, ostensibly for the benefit of the prisoners, used to be sold around the camps. This was full of just such stuff, purporting, too, to come from British sources. Sometimes it was mighty hard to keep our spirits up. But we just had to. We knew the German newspapers had been full of lies previously and we went on the faith that this was still the case.

Just here, too, I met a civilian laborer who had been living in the United States for five years, but had come home just before the war and had been drafted and forced to work. He was more than fed up on the whole business, told us that the stuff in *The Continental Times* was the same as that in the German papers, and that we could rely on about fifty per cent. of it being bunkum. Was he disgusted with what had happened to him? Say—you should have heard him curse Germany when no Germans were around.

CHAPTER V

FAMINE CONDITIONS ON GERMAN FARMS

Corporal McMullen resumes:

AFTER I had been in Friedrichsfeld Camp about two months and was getting pretty well tired of it, there came a change which, while it didn't immediately lead to much improvement, was a change, and that counted for a good deal under the conditions we were experiencing at that time.

One morning we were wakened at about 4.30, were put through an inspection to see whether we had secreted maps, compasses, or anything to aid in escaping, and about three hundred of us were lined up on the parade ground, told we were being taken out for farm work, and were given a lecture on how we should conduct ourselves, by a German captain. While the captain was

talking, an old general came in. He must have been partially deaf for he apparently couldn't hear what was being told us, and the way he went for that captain was a wonder.

Then, without any excuse for any kind of a breakfast, we were marched down a mile and a quarter to a junction point and loaded on a train. The boys had carried everything they owned along with them, and, since our parcels had started coming in fairly regularly then, some of them were pretty well loaded. The sentries hurried us down that road mighty fast, however, and by the time we got to the train there was a good deal less on the boys' backs. When we got to the train we were ordered, fifteen or twenty at a time, into a compartment. When we objected, because there wasn't room, they told us to stand up, saying that we wouldn't be in long, anyway. By this time, you see, we had picked up enough German to get along on. Well, we were on that train just nine hours, and in spite of protests were given neither water nor food during that time.

And then, when they did land us we got another surprise. Instead of the farm we had expected we were marched into Cassel Camp. Now that name wouldn't mean much to you. To us it was different. We had heard how four thousand Russians had died in that camp just six months before, and when we learned from a few British and Canadians who were there, some of them since early in 1914, of the bad reputation the place had, we were not particularly comforted.

That night we were given two lousy blankets apiece and were allotted to small, vile huts with leaky canvas roofs. Woof! How the animalculæ did worry us in that camp! It had been bad enough in the trenches, but there we could wash and get a change of clothing occasionally. Here there was absolutely no opportunity to keep oneself clean.

No supper? Yes, we did have a meal that night—the first that day. And very nutritious it was, consisting of—stewed grass. Now grass might be all right as a

side-dish, as greens, when you had some good Irish potatoes and beef to go with it, but stewed grass alone is—well, nobody could eat it except the Russians, a few of whom were in the camp, and who seemed to have a capacity for anything.

It was beastly cold that night and along about midnight one of the fellows got up, tore up a board off the wooden walk, and started a fire. He got three days in "black cells" for it.

In the morning we were treated to coffee only. During the day some of us were put on fatigue, which meant scrubbing and cleaning up. We worked most of the day with our stomachs fairly twisted up with hunger and came back at night to a dinner of horsechestnut soup. The chestnuts had been boiled and apparently kept for use another day. We drank the water because it was hot. I don't think the stuff had any nourishment.

That night, to keep our spirits up we just had to sing. It went on for a few minutes and then ten guards with fixed

bayonets rushed into the huts and laid around them with their rifle butts.

Thank heaven that wasn't to last long. Soon parties were made up to be sent out to work, some in the salt mines, some in the stone quarries. We learned later that the fellows sent to the salt mines for some reason were all taken very sick and had to be sent to the hospital.

It fell to my lot, however, with six others to be sent to a big farm adjacent to the village of Waubern, and here we learned more than we had been able to previously of how terribly the war and the British blockade was affecting the German civilians. Here, too, we learned something of the bullying spirit of the German underofficer.

The seven, three of us Canadians, were under the charge of a sentry who had formerly been in the Prussian Guard. I suppose his idea was to treat us as he had been treated by those over him. At any rate he was a bad actor and certainly had it in for us.

We were given sleeping quarters in the

barn but were wakened the first morning and given breakfast, consisting of the ever-present coffee—as it was called though it bore mighty little resemblance to any we had ever seen before—and a small slice of sour, black bread full of stones and which burnt as though one were eating vitriol. Then we were put at our first job of loading manure.

The farm was a good big one, about a thousand acres altogether, so that there was a good deal of work to do. For two months, however, we were kept at that manure job, from four in the morning till dark, about 8 P.M. Think about that for hours, you labor men. When we got back to the barn we were given a bowl of runkle soup, really a concoction of turnips or mangels, principally warm water. Later when the roots became scarce the soup was made from the tops only. Work and sleep and be cursed at—that was our lot pretty regularly, just then.

A few instances of this treatment, which came almost daily, will explain something of the situation.

We had one chap in the bunch, Jack Hawley, a Sussex man who was not overly strong and on whom the prison life had been rather hard. One day he was sick, and when his complaint was disregarded and he refused to work in consequence, but walked away from the manure heap, the sentry hit him over the head with the butt of his rifle so hard that he laid him out. Often when we didn't do things just to suit him, this chap would club us similarly. We often thought we would teach him a lesson when opportunity offered, but decided that it wouldn't be any use, since we would probably be well punished for it and given as bad or worse treatment afterward.

One day the farmer himself came down and asked if any one of us could drive. One of our own chaps, "Ginger" Pope, who knew a little about horses, volunteered and was put in charge of the team of oxen. He was ordered, when the poor, starved animals tried helplessly to draw the heavily loaded wagon, to hammer them with a stick. When he refused, the sentry rushed at him

raging, with his bayonet fixed. "Ginger" waited till he was about ten feet away, then sidestepped neatly, and the sentry fell on his stomach in the *mist* (manure). Of course he raised a terrible row and was about to bayonet the whole bunch when the farmer himself came along and quieted him down.

After that things went along a bit easier. At this time, though, our parcels were not reaching us. Apparently they were not being sent on from Friedrichsfeld Camp. And on the limited ration things looked pretty hopeless. One night we had nothing for supper but a little warm water flavored with barley and I said to the fellows: "If this is all we're going to get we might as well go off and die. I won't be able to stand it much longer." Next morning the sentry woke us up with his yell of "*Aufstehen!*" at a quarter to four. He, with another guard, slept downstairs and we above. We said: "Jah! Jah!" but nobody moved. After a little while the sentry came up, pulled what little coverings we

had off us, and hit Pope over the head, laying him out for the day, and used us all pretty roughly. This led to one thing and another till later on one of the chaps, Salter, who had been threatened, hit the sentry a terrific crack over the jaw with a pitchfork. We were all taken back to the barrack and deprived of any ration. Next morning, Salter was locked in a small box affair and the rest of us were ordered off to work, but we refused to go without Salter. "Well," the sentry said, "if you won't work, you won't get anything to eat." So we were kept all day again with absolutely nothing. In some way the condition of affairs got to the ears of the officials in the neighboring camp and a sergeant-major came out and went into it. He seemed to be a very decent sort and accepted our versions of the affair against the word of the sentry who was severely raked over the coals. When this officer seemed somewhat sympathetic toward us, we told him of the food we were, or rather were *not*, getting. He said he was sorry but that to remedy the matter was

beyond him, since everyone else was in the same fix.

About then, however, when we all were about dead from starvation, our parcels began to come and that saved the situation for us. These chirped up our spirits a bit and three of the chaps, Pope, Pike, and Samuels, arranged to try for a getaway. One of them had managed somehow to bring out a map and a compass under his arm or between his legs and they saved up stuff from their parcels for the trip. One night when we came in from the fields, they said they didn't want any supper. The sentry locked them in while he went over to the farm house with the rest of us, but when we came back they were gone.

If this escape did nothing else it relieved us of that brute sentry. Of course he reported the escapes to the camp. He was called in and another man sent in his place, and we learned afterward that he was court-martialled and given pretty severe punishment.

Those poor chaps weren't able to get far.

Of course it was easy to trace the prisoners by reason of their marked uniforms. They wandered round for three days and then were caught and brought back to Cassel Camp where they were given twenty-one days "black" (black cells), with the ration limited to 250 grammes of bread a day. We happened to be at the camp when Pike was let out, but would scarcely have known him. The confinement and starvation had changed him terribly and affected him so seriously that he went into a decline.

The new sentry was a little easier on us and gave us a little freedom. Then with our parcels coming and with a few apples and potatoes we managed to steal occasionally we were getting along better. However, on the 4th of November, for some reason we were taken back to Cassel Camp.

At this time conditions in that camp were a good deal worse than we had found them before, if that seems possible. We were better off for food because we were getting some parcels, but the Russians and some Belgian civilians who had been brought in

were in bad shape. The Germans claimed that their men being held as prisoners in Russia were being badly treated and in consequence, they took it out on the Russians in their hands. The Belgians had been ordered to work at munitions, but had refused absolutely and so were brought in to this camp. Since they were civilians, it was out of the question for the Red Cross to do anything for them. Their ration was two bowls of soup so-called—really it was only heated water with enough solid matter to color it—per day. They got no bread ration and nothing else. Poor fellows! At night they used to climb up on the fence separating the compounds and call over to us asking for help. We gave them what we could, taking up a collection regularly for them and putting this in a bag which we hung on the fence where one of them could climb over to get it. After a little they dug a tunnel through and underneath the fence and came through that way. The Russians, although they were almost starving, themselves, certainly did all they could to

help them, and used to come around and beg bits from us for these Belgians. And just here we got some new light on the Russians. The chaps in that camp, although they were unlettered, were good-natured fellows with big, friendly hearts. We could see how they had been oppressed before the war and under the circumstances it wasn't much wonder they hated the thought of war. They had been forced away from their homes and even then had absolutely no idea of what it was all about or who was concerned in it. After seeing these chaps I can easily understand how conditions in Russia are as they are just now.

There were a number of French in the camp also, but somehow they did not impress us so favorably. They were much better fed than any of us, getting forty or fifty biscuits, like pancakes, a week. They would fill these flat biscuits with water through a hole in the top and when they were put on the stove they would swell up, making a fairly decent meal. They seemed to be pretty self-centered though,

and paid little attention to the starving Belgians.

Shortly after we got in, typhus got a hold on these Belgians, and, as might be expected under these conditions, carried them off rapidly. Almost any day, at certain times, we could go down to the gate of the camp and see them carry out six or seven of the poor beggars who wouldn't suffer any more. One day we counted fourteen.

Along in December it began to get terribly cold, and since no regular provision was made for heating any part of the prisoners' camp this intensified our troubles. It was possible to buy coal in briquette form for about $1.60 per hundred pounds, but of course none of us had any quantity of money so this didn't help us much. Just about then, too, there were very heavy falls of snow, about like we got here this year in January. There was at least two feet of it all over the camp and some places when we were working outside the camp we had to wade up to our necks. One night during this cold snap I was put, with a num-

ber of other Canadians, in a hut containing some French. When we went to bed the air was thick, and of course our fellows wanted the windows open. Not so the French. They wanted things kept closed up. And all that night there was a sort of race, our fellows opening up and the Frenchmen closing down those windows.

With all this we were not sorry when on the ninth of January we were lined up—eighty-seven English and Canadians, fifty French, and about a hundred Russians, and told that we were to be taken back to Friedrichsfeld. The French started off with their kits all loaded up as usual, but when it was found that we had to march about four miles to a junction point instead of getting the train, as expected, at a siding, there was some considerable sacrificing of kit material. We came along a little after the French and were rather amused at the trail of abandoned material all along the way.

We were packed into that train about nine A.M., after an early start from the

camp, and travelled till seven that night without food or water. That time we followed a different route than formerly, which brought us through the town of Essen, where we could see from the train the many stacks and some of the buildings of the great Krupp works. We got some cheer here, though, for the train guards were good enough to tell us that some of the Allied aviators had bombed part of the works the night before, had done considerable damage and had killed a number of German munition workers. Naturally, they were not feeling particularly elated over it.

As we came through another town, Overhausen, we were singing "The Maple Leaf" and other familiar songs. Here there were girls and children on the platform, with beer and wine. At first they took ours, by reason of the singing, I guess, for a regular troop train, and we were rather jubilant when it looked as if we were going to be treated. When they saw who we were, however, they soon disappeared. The station master here tried to get the military

police to stop our singing. They tried. That's all it amounted to.

We arrived at Friedrichsfeld about seven o'clock that night so used up that quite a few of the men fell down when forced to march the mile or so to the camp. When they were unable to get up when ordered, the sentries clubbed them till somehow or other they struggled to their feet and kept moving. It was almost more than we could stand to see this but what could we do?

The life at Friedrichsfeld was about the same as formerly. In regard to one thing, however, we soon found a change, and it was significant as illustrating how short certain kinds of materials were becoming in the country. Previously we were able to do about as we pleased with the stuff in our parcels. Now when the parcels arrived all the canned stuff was taken out, and, after being marked with a distinguishing number, was placed in a special store room. When we wanted any of this stuff we had to take our basins down there and the cans

were opened in the presence of a German officer. One reason for this precaution perhaps was that the French people had been sending an occasional compass in the cans which came in to their men. After these tins were emptied, however, they were carefully stored in a pile. At regular intervals the accumulation was hammered down flat and then shipped away to a smelting works.

While my wound was still bothering me a good deal, I was in rather better shape this time than when in the camp before. Besides I had picked up by this time enough German to get along very fairly on and so was able to talk with the sentries in the camp. In that way we got considerable information—and sometimes other things, as will shortly reveal itself.

Remember that this was a military training center as well as a prisoners' camp. At that time there were stationed there several thousand men who had been on the Eastern front, being retrained for service on the Western front. From the camp we could see

their training ground, and it was amusing to see the officers trying to get some idea of extended-order work into the heads of these fellows who had had mass-formation fighting ground into them as the only procedure. And in this we found out something of the methods of the German Army. It seemed to be a system of oppression. The *über*-officers, for instance, made it mighty warm for the captains, and they took it out on the subalterns. They passed the same treatment along. When it came down to the poor privates you can imagine how things were. It was a shame the way they treated the men. Why, we have repeatedly seen a corporal knock flat with his rifle a private who was apparently doing the best he could but was perhaps a little stupid. Then he would kick him till he got up and into the line again. This was not an unusual occurrence but happened daily. Say, if anything like that happened in the Canadian troops there'd be a mutiny in a minute.

These soldiers in training had to take their

turns as sentries in the prison camp and in that way we got a chance to talk to them occasionally. One chap I remember particularly, because he seemed more intelligent than the usual run, was a Bavarian mechanic. Though only a boy, about twenty-two, he had seen two years of service against the Russians. And he was fed up with the fighting game. "What's the use of us fighting?" he answered, when I asked him what he thought about the general outlook. "We may carry on two or three years longer, but we have no food and in the end the world will be against the Fatherland. I might as well die now as go through any more of this." Just then a corporal passed and scowled at him. After a minute or two, when he got a chance to speak to me again, he said: "Look at that. I'm three times cleverer than he is, but he can lord it over me because he has a little military pull." He went on to tell me that he had served as batman to three different officers but that was nothing but downright slavery. Their officers' servants surely had a terrible life.

Almost any of the private soldiers would speak in the same way. Often, even at the risk of being overheard and severely punished they would say to us: "The war is no good. The Kaiser is crazy." It looked as if they didn't care whether they died or not.

It must have made them think funny things, too, when they saw how we prisoners were dressed in comparison to themselves. These fellows were in very bad shape for clothing and their uniforms appeared to be made up from half a dozen old ones and patched into the bargain. Their boots, too, were worn out and many of them had been resoled with wood. When this got wet and the glue softened they used to split up and cause them a lot of trouble. Again, they had no socks but used cotton foot rags and as a result of this and the poor boots their feet were in terrible shape.

As against this we were well off. Most of us had recently had clothing parcels from the Red Cross, containing fine heavy uniforms, a good supply of thick woolen

socks, and heavy English boots. You can imagine how they must have felt.

And it is these fellows who are going to make the epoch-making drive on the Western front this spring. Can you see it? We can't.

Occasionally they used to come in and try to buy our socks, also our soap. By this time soap had practically disappeared in Germany. I can remember the sentries used to watch us wash in the morning, looking at the suds. One chap in particular used to come along and rub the water between his fingers before we threw it out as though he didn't believe it was soap suds.

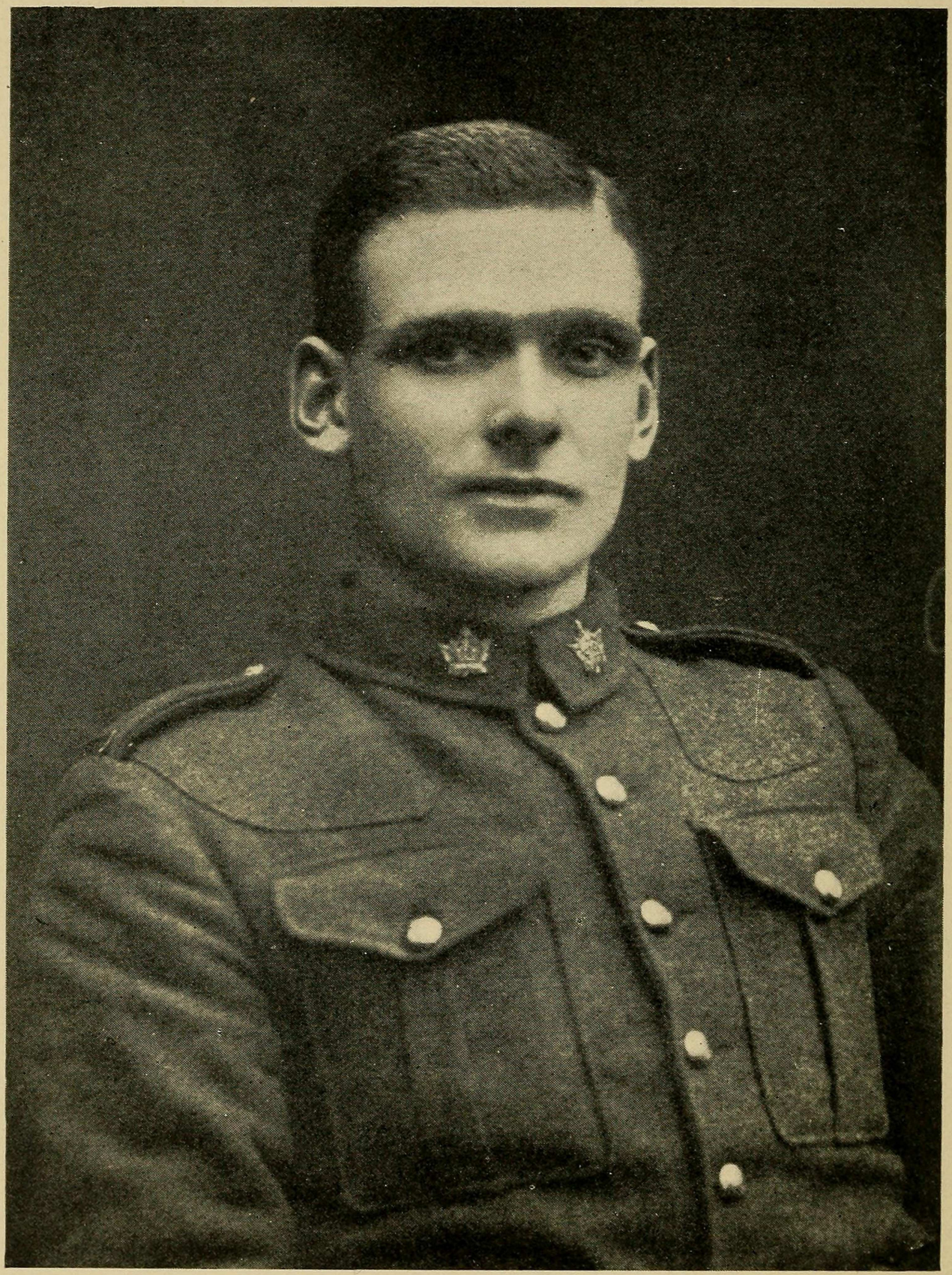
It's really a wonder we weren't killed half a dozen times for we used to jolly these poor chaps outrageously. "Is there lots of soap in England?" they would ask. And when we would, of course, answer "Yes," they would say, rather disgustedly: "No soap in Germany. Everything all gone. No meat. No bread. No potatoes. Everybody's crazy in Germany." When we

rubbed it in they didn't seem to mind very much. As a matter of fact they were so cowed and disgusted with the whole matter of the war they hadn't enough spirit to make any move. The individuality and spirit had all been hammered out of them.

One day I was outside the camp at some special work and saw the soldiers' rations issued. These provided for 250 grammes of bread, about half a pound, part of which was to be kept for breakfast the following day, a bowl of soup at noon, coffee served at four P.M., and for the evening meal one small herring, served at about five P.M. With them it was a crime to eat all the bread ration at once as we did. Think of a British Tommy existing on such a ration or putting up with such a regulation.

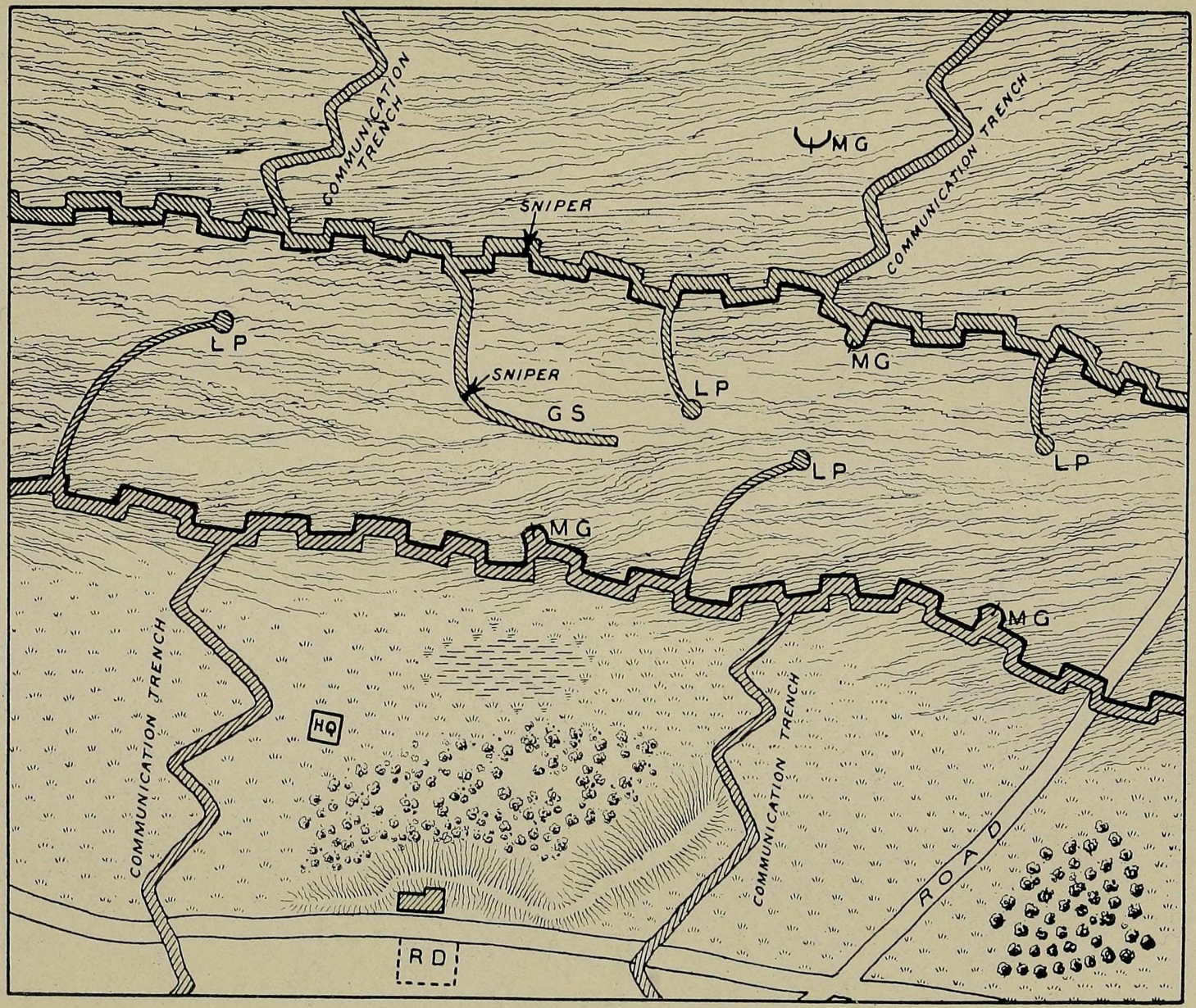
Our day's food at the time consisted of 180 grammes of bread, a hunk about four inches square by an inch and a half thick, with a bowl of mangel soup. This bread, though, was "War Prisoners' Bread," as described before, and was a very different article to that fed the soldiers, bad enough

as it was. When our parcels came regularly, however, we were really a good deal better off than they were. The French got practically the same as we. The Russians subsisted at that time on the peelings of the mangels that went to make up our soup. More retaliation, you see.

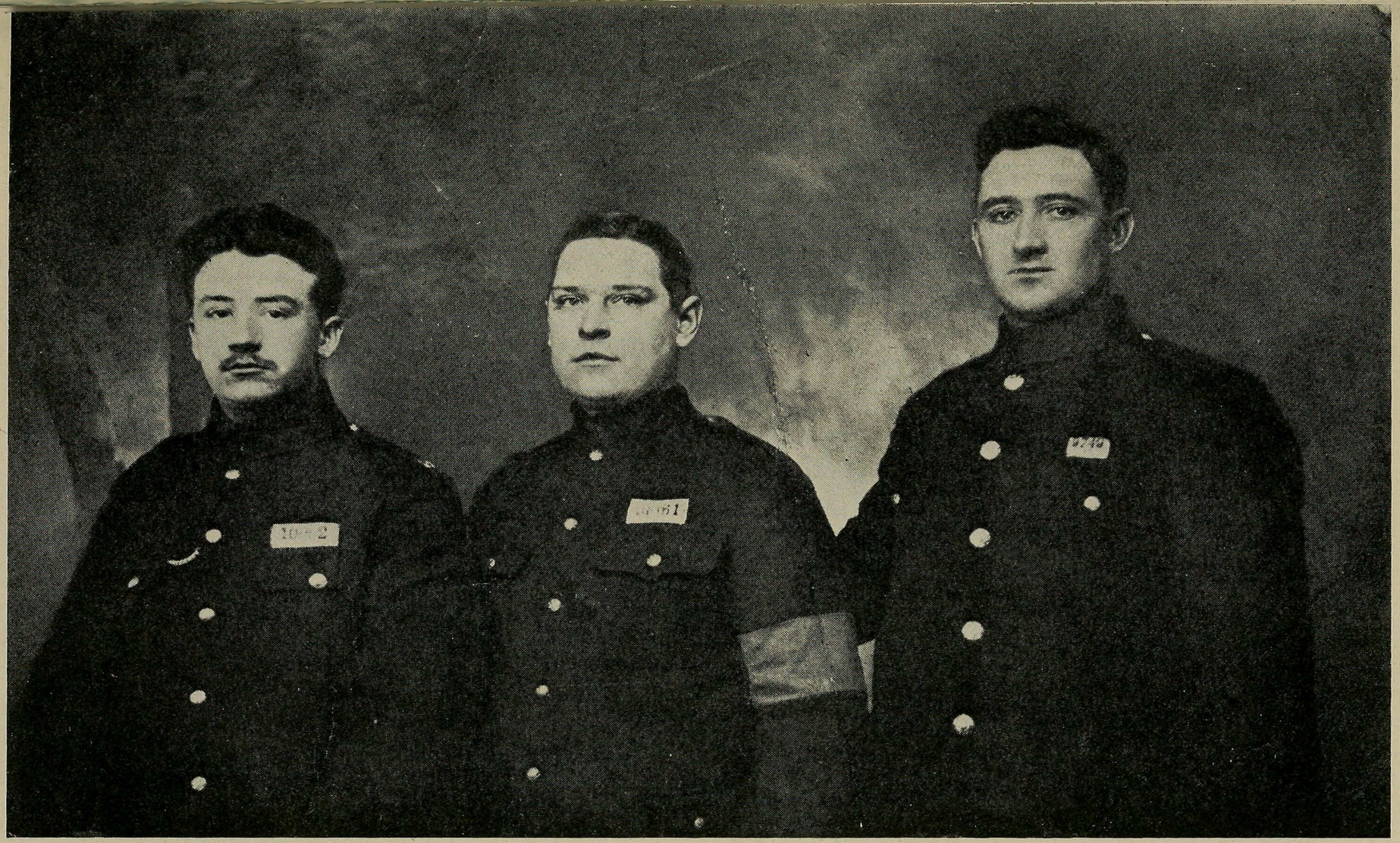


Photo, *The Studio*, London.

Private Jack Evans.

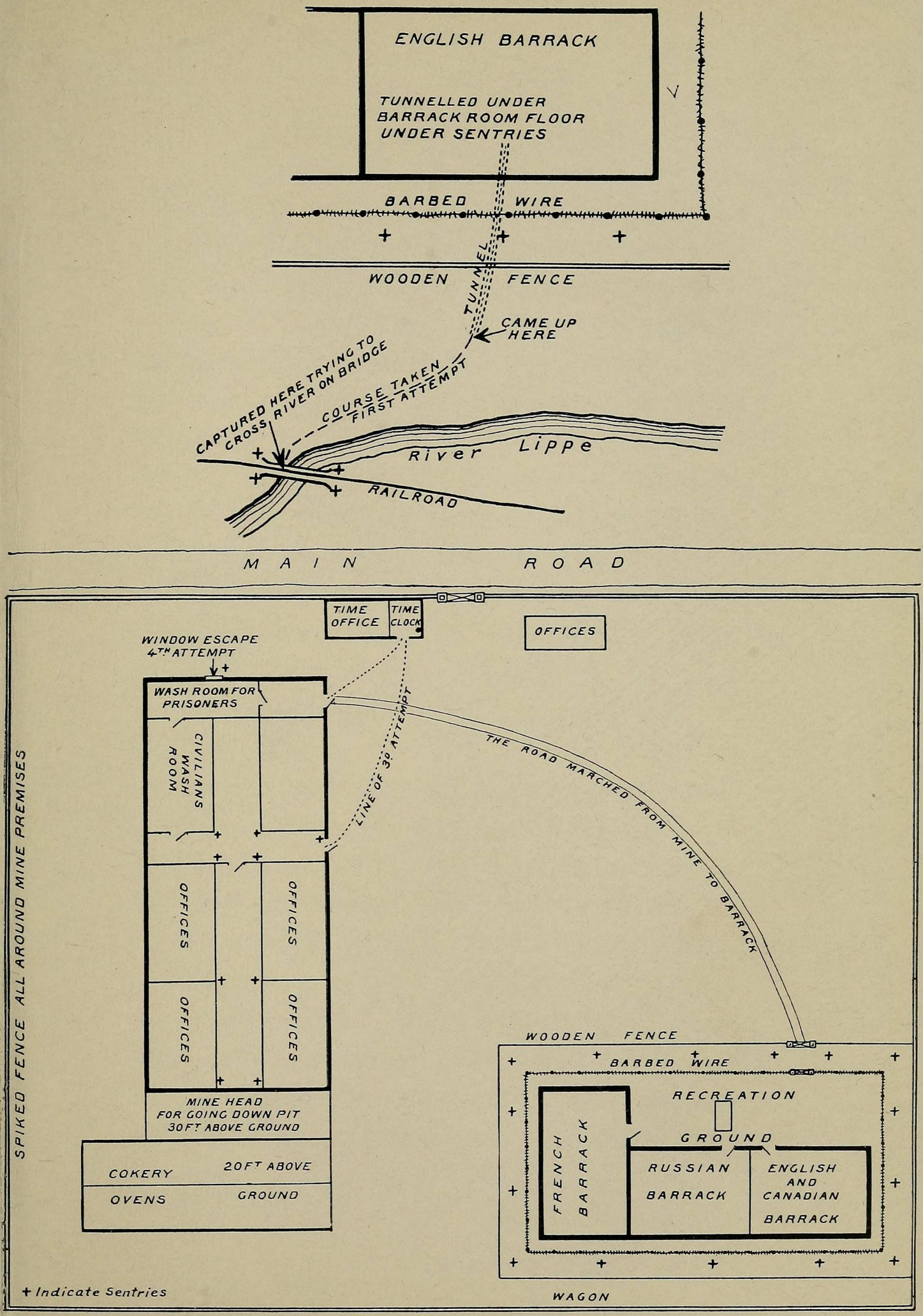


Sketch of part of Zillebeck line where McMullen was captured.



Salter Platts McMullen

A comparison of this photo with that of the six C. M. R. men taken in London shortly after their escape reveals a rather interesting story. This photograph was taken in Friedrichsfeld camp when these men were on the point of starvation and was "faked up" by German staff photographers to present a favorable appearance and thus create a favorable impression outside. The men were specially dressed in new borrowed uniforms, and were forcibly stood against the background shown. Their cheeks and bodies were afterwards built up by retouching the negative. This was frequently done and is a very practical explanation of the very encouraging photographs of prisoners in the German camps. No photo is allowed to go out unless it shows the prisoner in apparently good health and under pleasing conditions.



Plan of Auguste-Victoria camp and mine buildings to illustrate the several escapes of Evans and his pals.

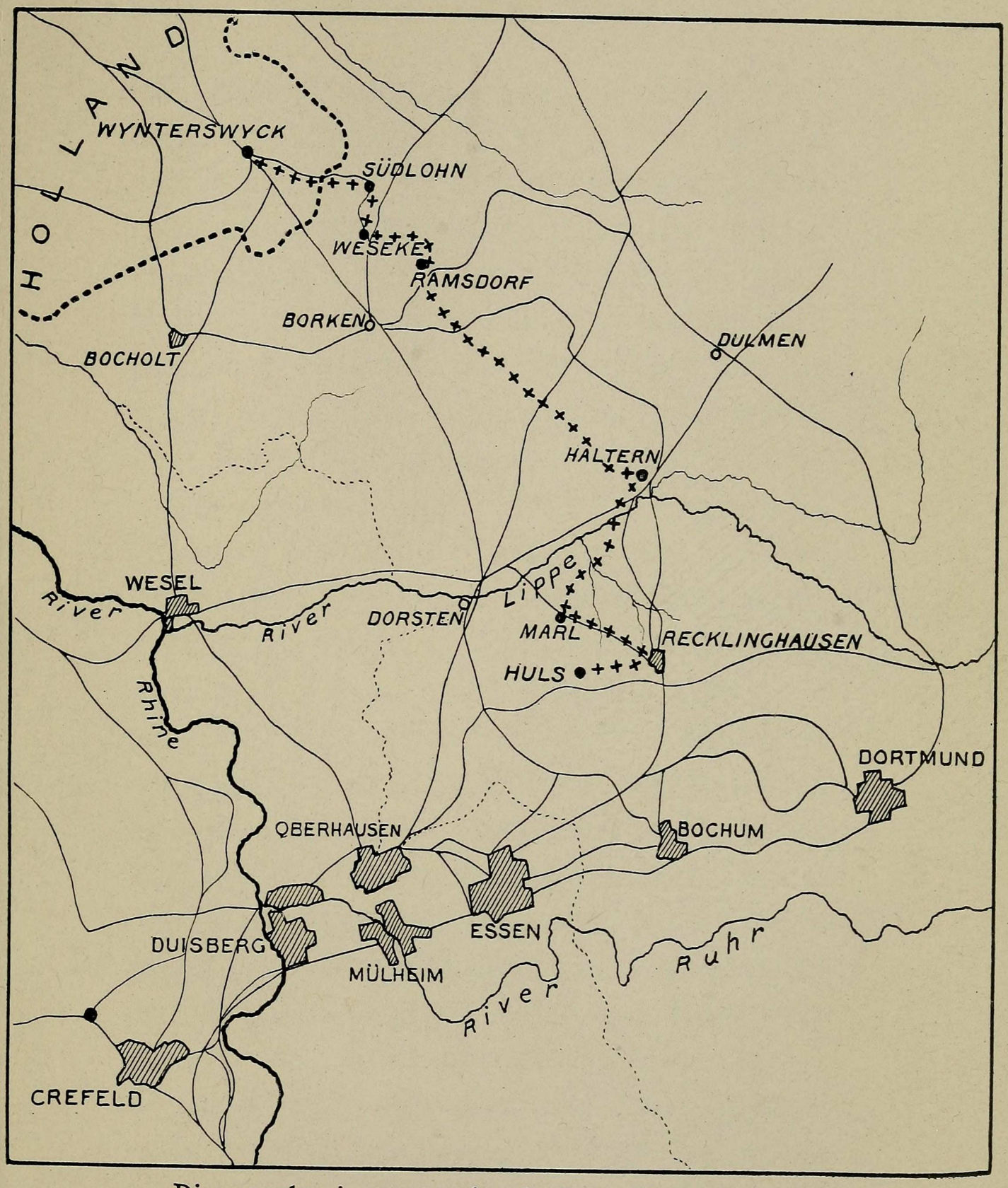
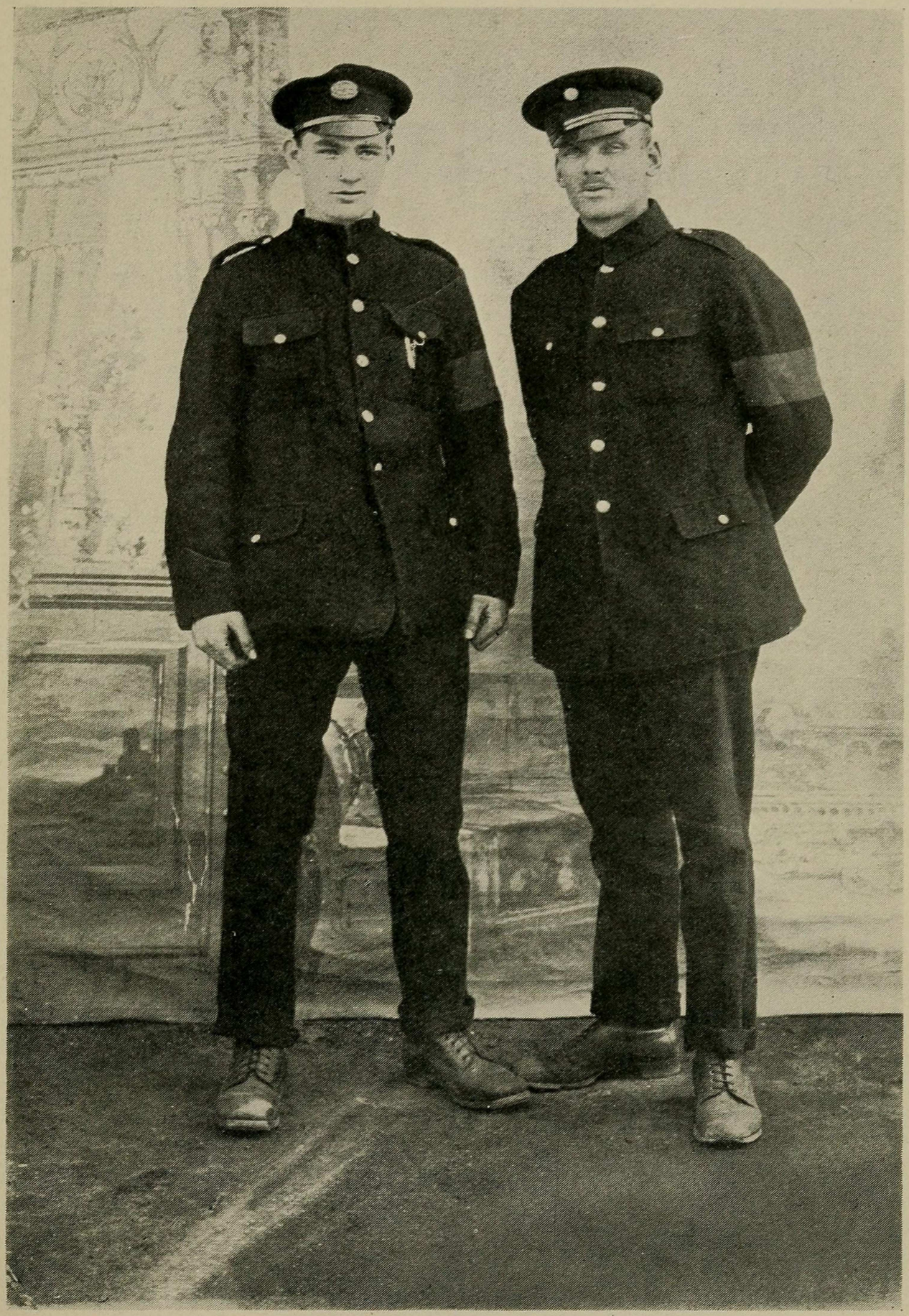


Diagram showing route taken by Evans from prison camp to Holland.



Raesides and Evans.

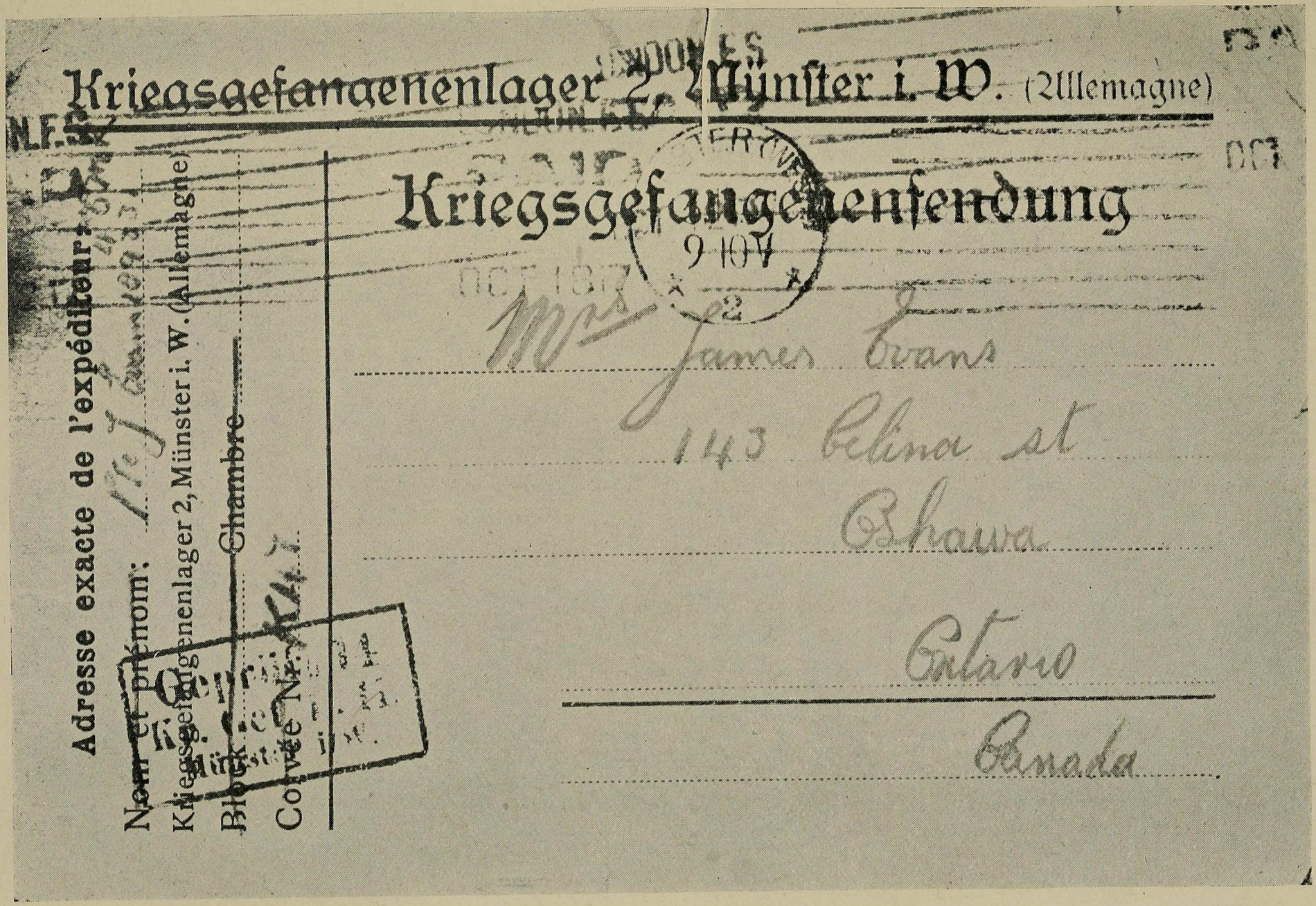
Taken at Auguste-Victoria camp in borrowed new uniforms and faked up by German staff photographers.

Photo by International Film Service.

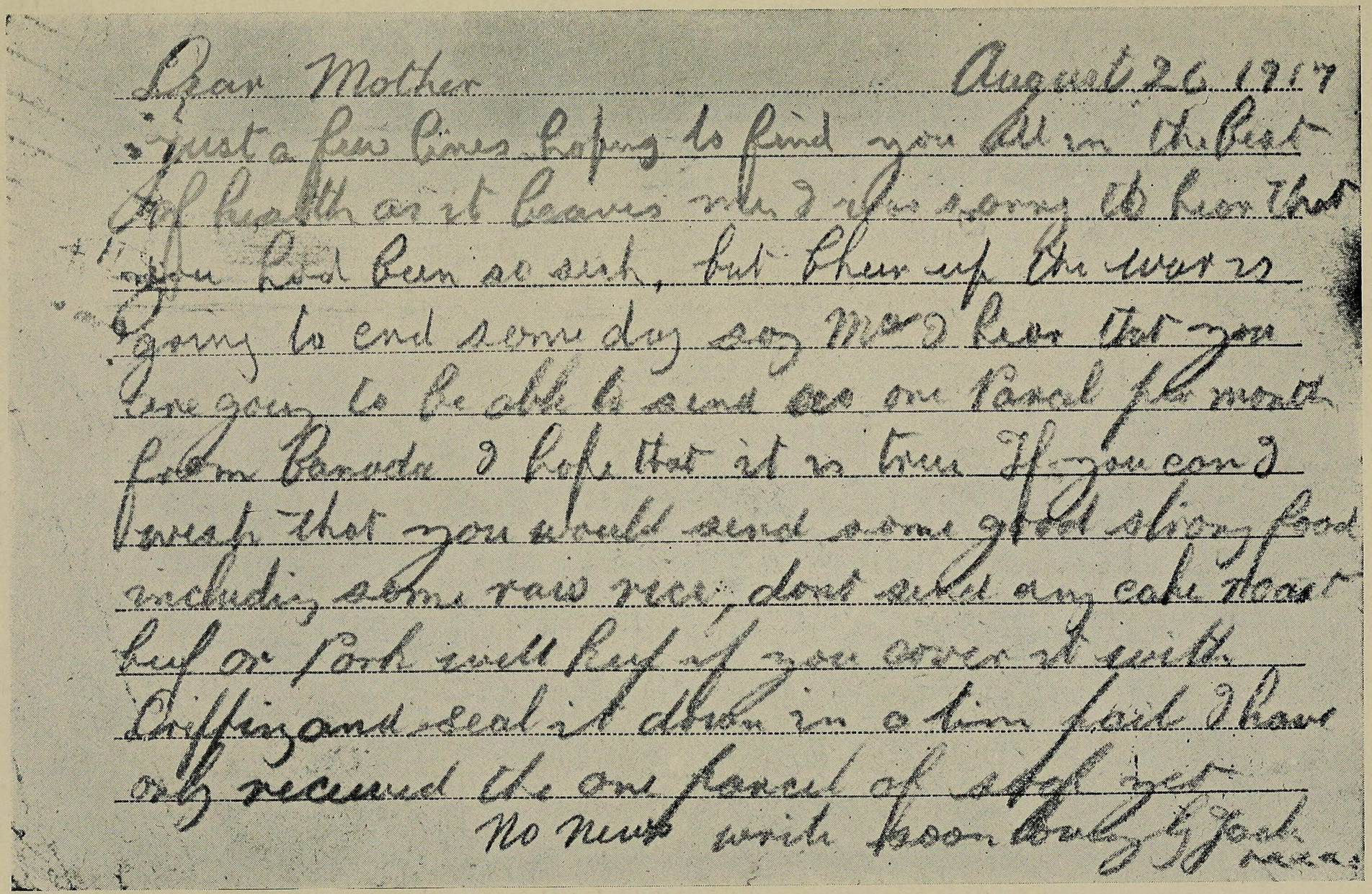
Disinfecting clothes of Russian prisoners in German concentration camps.

Photo by International Film Service.

Russian prisoners on exhibition in a German city.



Card from Private Jack Evans to his mother.



Dear Mother August 26 1917

Just a few lines hoping to find you all in the best of health as it leaves me I was sorry to hear that you had been so sick, but cheer up the war is going to end some day say Mr I hear that you are going to be able to send us one parcel per month from Canada I hope that it is true If you can I wish that you would send some good strong food including some raw rice, dont send any cake roast beef or pork will keep if you cover it with Griffing and seal it down in a tin pail I have only received the one parcel of sugar yet

No news write soon loving by Jack

Card written by Evans at Münster camp in August, 1917, which was delivered to his mother at Oshawa, Ont., the following October.

Note the appeals for food.

CHAPTER VI

AN ATTEMPTED ESCAPE

Corporal McMullen continues:

ALONG in the spring of 1917 some of us began to get about all we could stand of camp life, and after talking it over, decided that nothing else could be much worse, that it was worth taking a chance to strike something better, and that if we got outside we would at least have the likelihood of picking up a little more food. I had been able to get hold of a map of northern Germany and a compass, these coming from one of the German sentries, in return for a pot of jam. That will illustrate how badly off they were when that chap was willing to risk his life—he would certainly have been shot if he had been found out—by trading these things for a comparatively

insignificant amount of food. So with three other corporals and four privates, all of whom were looking for a chance to get away, we volunteered for farm work and were taken down to a little village called Stockum bei Langendreer, passing through Essen again on the way down. Here we were lodged in what was known as Commando 529, really an old stone carpenter shop or planing mill, from which the machinery had been removed. We got there before we were expected and, since no arrangements had been made, were led in to sleep on the cold stone floor. Gee, it was cold! Here Salter and I were picked by a man, named Becker, a small farmer, who turned out to be one of the worst slave-drivers I can imagine anyone getting under the control of.

We found out here how short the food supply really was in Germany. This was between harvests, of course, and about the worst time of the year for them. We learned, also, something of the astounding control the military authorities exercise, particularly over the agricultural class.

At first Becker was very decent and we thought we were in for a better time, but this treatment lasted only shortly. When he asked our names and I told him mine was Fred, he said: "Ach, Fritz, eh?" You can imagine how I liked that, and he kept on calling me that as long as he had anything to do with me.

At first we were set to the same job we had had on the other farm, spreading manure. Salter was a touchy beggar, and when Becker began to abuse us a little unduly Salter would get balky and refuse to work. One day he hit Becker with his fist. In a minute or two the big brute came along with a chain trace and was going to lay Salter out, but he grabbed a pitchfork and went for him. As a result, Salter was sent back to Friedrichsfeld and tried for attacking a civilian. Becker sent up a lot of false testimony which somehow didn't seem to count for much. Some little time later they sent for me to testify in the case, which somehow blew over without much happening to anybody.

On the farm were a number of cattle and horses, all showing the effects of lack of nutrition. Several of the cows were milkers, and Becker was forced to keep them in fairly good shape and to sell the milk to a certain number of families in the village. He had to get a required amount of milk out of these cows, too, or there was trouble. No, there were no milkmen. Every family had to send for its own supply, which was strictly limited. Becker used to rail at the close military supervision and it wasn't any wonder. For instance every crop on his farm was specified and, furthermore, how much acreage should be devoted to that crop. And even then he couldn't by any means count that crop his own. If, for example, he sowed forty acres in wheat or oats, it was stipulated that eighteen bushels from every acre should be sold to the government. Of course he might raise as much as possible above this amount, but even then he could not sell a bushel without an order from the government official. To us it seemed absurd, as another instance

will perhaps show better. One day, Becker wanted to kill a pig out of some twenty-two he was raising, so as to get some meat for his family. Before he could stick a knife into it he had to get an order of permission from the gendarme, or military representative, in the village. These gendarmes were well grounded in military procedure for they were mostly non-coms, too old for active service. To qualify for this service, they must have had at least twelve years of military service. Why, even the policeman in Germany must have at least six years' experience in the army before he can be appointed. Even when this permit-to-kill was secured, the product was not by any means to be considered his own. Of that pig a part had to be given to the gendarme, a part sent for the use of the army, and the remainder—about one-fourth—had to be divided up with three or four other families. Oh, they regulate things nicely in Germany, all right.

This system was carried out even further when things looked bad. In July that year,

when there seemed to be mighty little produce of any kind left on that farm, it was visited by a military party, who were doing similar inspection through the whole of that district, which confiscated practically everything Becker had. Out of eighteen pigs, for instance, they took away ten, and mighty poor-looking specimens they were, at that. He had what he thought would be a scant supply of turnips to keep things going—cattle and humans—till harvest, but out of this supply the party took away about forty loads. Becker was paid for this, yes, but in war money, which at that time was about as good as Confederate bills at the end of the United States Civil War. I can remember how Becker's wife and one or two other women on the farm bellowed and wrung their hands the morning that stuff was taken away.

We learned, incidentally, how short the army was. For instance, the allowance of oats to horses in the British army is ten pounds. In the German army it is two

pounds, and at that time I doubt if they were getting any oats at all.

By reason of the food in our parcels we were living just then better than the Germans themselves. That certainly applied in that district anyway. I remember one time Becker watched me open one of my parcels which the mail had just brought in. In the box was a paper bag, containing about a pound of granulated sugar. This had been broken and in unpacking it I spilled about half a teaspoonful on the earth floor of the barn. It was rather amusing to see Becker get down and pick up that sugar, grain by grain. The kiddies got to know that our parcels brought us chocolate and often they would beg some of it from us. It used to break our hearts to see these little children suffering so with hunger and we gave them what we could, but that was mighty little.

After Salter left I got mighty lonesome, and when Becker kept on driving me, made up my mind to have a try to get away. Of course we had lots of chances to break

away from the farm, since while we were fairly closely watched there were times when we would be working alone. Since we were in prisoners' clothes, however, and the country was very closely settled, it was very difficult for anyone to make the break and get far, as we afterward discovered. Of course, almost every farmer was using one or more prisoners and was armed. Provision was made that he might shoot at sight if any attempt was made. And a good-sized reward was offered for the apprehending of any escaped prisoner. So that the thing wasn't as easy as it might look.

However, I had been able to get hold of a little "good" money by selling an extra pair of boots to one of the civilians, and had also scared up a sort of half-suit of civilian clothes, and on the night of May 20th, while the sentries were sleeping below, Private Hart and I got out of the commando, where we were all brought at night, after the day's work on the various farms, through a fanlight and, after a drop of

thirty-five feet which stirred up my wound a good deal and also sprained my ankle, managed to make the break. We had been saving up what food we could for some time, and took away with us two tins of bully beef, some biscuits, and a little chocolate.

We managed to get through the bush and wandered around during the night for three days, making as near as we could figure, towards the Dutch border. The third day, though, we got rather badly off for water and after getting lost for two or three hours in a big bush we hit the city of Recklinghausen. By that time we were pretty well fagged out and didn't care much what happened, so decided to take a chance. We made a break right through the town, passing two or three parties of soldiers and officers and looking for a drinking fountain. Finally we came on the main street to a sort of club room and decided that, come what may, we simply had to have something to drink. We went into a big room where what seemed to be a bartender and a manager were sitting around and got two or

three drinks of beer. By this time, you see, we could understand German fairly well and could talk enough to get us through, unless they threw the questions at us rapidly. We wanted something to eat in the worst way, but of course we had no food cards as supplied to the German civilians, so knew there was no chance.

We got through Recklinghausen all right, all the time nearly dead for water, and got along the road a little farther to a small town named Houles, a sort of suburb. Here a chap passed who looked at us rather queerly but said nothing. We thought he was suspicious so got along as fast as possible. We had just gotten outside the town, however, when looking back we saw two huge dogs, like Russian wolf-hounds, coming behind us. I knew then that these must be police dogs. You see there were very few dogs of any other kind left by that time. When they came up to us, one of them grabbed Hart and gave him a nasty bite on the leg. I side-stepped, but saw I couldn't get away and as we had nothing

to defend ourselves with there was nothing for it but to stand still. When we were quiet they let go of us but stood watching us closely. In a minute a gendarme came along on a bicycle.

"Are you prisoners?" he asked.

"English?" he asked again, when we replied. The answer "*Englische schweine-hunde*," which came left no doubts of his opinion of us or of the race.

It appeared that the chap who had passed us in the town was an electrician who was working among the prisoners constantly and thus had spotted us.

We were marched without ceremony back to the neighboring prisoners' barrack and searched. They thought they did it carefully, but I had been able to tuck the map away into my sock and rammed the compass back into my cheek. Then we were lodged in "*strafe* cells." Beautiful spots they were. I found myself incarcerated with a big Russian in an apartment about three feet wide by six feet six inches long with absolutely no provision for sit-

ting or lying down. Comfortable. I should say.

That night I was rather surprised to hear someone speak to me in English and in a moment the door opened. And thereby hangs what seemed to be rather a good joke. The cell doors were fastened by rather primitive sliding bolts. The door of one of the half-dozen cells in that section of the barrack was a little looser than the others. In this cell had been lodged a rather enterprising chap, named Blacklock, a Canadian boy, by the way, from Carbon, Alta. He discovered that by some juggling he could force back the bolt and open his door. That done it was easy for him to open the others. We could hear the guards, who stayed in another compartment, coming from a little distance off, and while it wasn't easy to get past them, it was a good deal more comfortable out in the corridor with the immediate sense of partial freedom than in those three-foot cells. So while we were there I got to know "Blackie" pretty well. He, too, had been caught

during an attempted escape but was aiming to try again right away. So I gave him the compass.

After a few days Hart and I with a number of others were taken back to Friedrichsfeld for trial. Here we were brought before a military court, consisting of a captain and four officers and spoke through a sergeant-interpreter. When asked why we had tried to escape we told them of the conditions on the farms and particularly outlining Becker's treatment. When we got through the presiding officer said: "All right," and we thought we were going to get off easily. Next day, however, the order came for a penalty to each of us of twenty-one days in the black cells.

That punishment was given, I suppose, to make certain that those who received it would not try the same thing again. A good many of the lads who experienced it didn't. It surely was enough to break a man's nerve as well as what health he had left after the treatment we had been getting. Imagine spending three weeks in a damp,

absolutely dark and silent cell, with absolutely no provision for sitting or sleeping, given but a few minutes morning and evening to get water for the intervening hours and to stretch one's legs a little and with all this to be cut down to a ration of bread and water. The spell usually handed out to a private was fourteen days. They went on the principle, I suppose, that a corporal was such a superior being, he ought to know better and so his punishment was greater.

Two hundred and fifty grammes of war prisoners' bread per day with a bowl of thin soup every third day was supposed to keep a man alive for that twenty-one days. In addition to this there was no chance of any communication with any other prisoner. I think this enforced silence was the worst of all. Anyway the sensations and the helpless feelings this treatment inspires are impossible to describe.

At that I guess I was better off than most of them. I had sewed a supply of cut tobacco up in the lining of my greatcoat and been able to keep my pipe hidden in a

fold of my cap. They had taken all my matches, however, and there was considerable of a problem there. By this time, however, I knew what would get to the heart of the sentry quickest. I had kept some soap, also in my coat lining, cut up in cubes about half an inch square. The guard was simply tickled to death to trade me a small box of matches for one or two of these small cubes. That helped wonderfully.

I lost twenty pounds, I guess, in that three weeks, and when the end finally came and they let me out into the light I was so dizzy I could hardly stand up. However, I got a great welcome when I got back to the English barracks and found waiting for me there several Red Cross parcels. Gosh, how welcome they were! I don't think food—real food—ever tasted better.

For a week things went along better and then, like a shot from the blue, came an order—to go back to Becker, who had asked for me.

You can fancy I wanted to go about as

much as a rat likes a trap but tnere was nothing else for it. Neither Hart nor I had given up the idea of getting away, however, and during that week we had been lucky in getting hold of another compass and a splendid map—both by the soap exchange method. That map was a dandy. It looked to me as though it must have been made for the benefit of just such chaps as us. Not only did it show the towns, villages, and roads, but it gave every railroad, bridge, patch of woods, swamp, and even where every farmer lived. With this we felt that chances were better. Of course we were not yet away with these helpful accessories. When we knew we were going I put it up to Hart to carry the compass while I hung on to the map. He got it through in his mouth some way, and while he was closely examined, as we expected, managed to get away with it. After a good deal of planning, I decided to stow the map inside an old cracked looking-glass I carried. We knew if they caught us with either it would mean twenty-one days more

in "black," perhaps worse. When it came my turn and I was told to turn out everything, I passed over the looking-glass as carelessly as possible. The inspector handled this mighty carefully, even going so far as to unwind some of the old string I had around it. I was on pins and needles for a minute, for the map was folded between the glass itself and the wooden back, and he would have found it sure if he had unwrapped it. Good fortune stepped in for once, however, for after a minute or two he tossed it back to me. Gee! I was almost afraid he'd hear me breathe with relief.

Well, we got on down to Stockum again and this time found things considerably better. It was harvest time, you see, there was more food to be had, and besides we were able to swipe more stuff. But how Becker did shove me at that harvest. Up before dawn, work till dark with only a few minutes at noon. He certainly got all he paid for out of me just then. I was able to do more than I had been before, too,

for with more food my strength began to come back. Say, it was great! Imagine being put out to harvest ripe wheat after living on what we had put up with for over a year. Why I used to eat wheat all day. The vegetables were being brought in then, too, and we were able to get good supplies of carrots, onions, beets, and potatoes and make up a mighty good vegetable stew in the cantonment after the guards were asleep. I tell you we were living like kings just then.

And with returning strength I guess I began to get a little cocky. Becker wasn't so bad at first, but as the weeks went by, his wild temper returned and he began at his old tactics. Finally one day out in the field he ordered me to do something beyond my strength and when I refused came at me with a whip. I held him up with a pitchfork and for a while we had it pretty hot and heavy. That night he reported to the guard that I had refused to work. I guess the guard understood the situation —Becker's reputation was pretty well-known around those parts—for in two or

three days I was transferred to a farmer named Speck. This old chap certainly used me well. I had all the vegetables I wanted to eat, about the same as the family had, and the hours and the work were both easier. For hours at a time I would be left alone in the fields with absolutely no supervision. It would seem that this would have been a good time to make a break for it, but I did not want to go alone and besides I knew it was almost useless to try to get very far with my prisoner's marked suit on. I had tried to get hold of some civilian clothes but couldn't manage it. However, I talked it over with Hart, who was on another farm, and finally decided to have another try at it the next Sunday night. We chose Sunday to have the benefit of the day's rest. Even yet my wound bothered me a good deal after a long day's work and I didn't want to make matters any more troublesome than necessary.

That was last October, the first day of the month. And I don't think I will ever forget that night.

While Hart and I had been scouting around the commando—you will remember I said this was a big stone building which had been used as a planing mill before the war—we found one day a loose trap door in the floor of an unused room, beside the one the sentries slept in. Without telling anyone, we had gotten that door up and had dropped down to see what lay below, one of us remaining on guard above while the other was below. We found that this trap gave entrance to a shaft or tunnel filled with sawdust, shavings, and lumber cuttings. Gradually we got this passage cleaned out and found that it was about forty feet long, and ran below another trap door in a different part of the building. Evidently this had been used as a sort of shaft—housing to carry power under the floor from one part of the building to the other. Anyway, we got ourselves pretty well acquainted with it so that we could get through in the dark, and also got a dozen or so screws out of the window in the outside room.

That night we managed to get our kit-bags downstairs and in the shaft before the sentry saw us up to bed, and then about half-past one we got up and with our boots in our hands, started down that wooden stairs. You can imagine we didn't take any chances of making the treads creak. We stepped mighty carefully, placing our weight gradually at the supported edge of the tread. When we got down, though, we had to practically walk over those two sleeping sentries. Talk about your heart being in your mouth. I think it got up somewhere in the top of my head that night and didn't get down again till I got safely into Holland.

Well, somehow or other we got down that first trap door. I remember how mad I was at Hart who let the door down after him with quite a little slap. I suppose it wasn't much or it would surely have wakened those guards, but at the time it seemed like the explosion of a sixty-pounder to me. From that on was easy, even though we had to open that window, get through, close it

afterward, and get across a nasty bit of barbed wire which was carefully planted all around the commando. However, we got off without seeing anybody and that night travelled about ten or twelve kilos. We wanted to go farther but realized the need of good cover during the day. You see, we were still in our prisoners' uniforms, though we had a sweater coat pulled on over the coat, and a coat we had each gotten from England and which had escaped marking, over that. Our trousers were still banded, though, and we knew if anybody looked at us at all carefully they would soon spot us as prisoners. Thus, as we appreciated thoroughly, it was necessary to travel only at night and then to keep away from roads as much as possible.

Somewhere along before dawn we struck what looked like a good-sized bush and thought we had better lay up there. You see, one of the difficulties of the situation was finding suitable cover while it was still dark to hide in for the day. This time we got settled down and didn't find out till

it was daylight and too late to move that we were only a few feet away from a frequently used path. We were in a sort of fern bed, from which we could look out but which it was difficult for anyone to see through. During the day two men and a boy passed on the path not more than twelve feet away. That was the first of some mighty close shaves. They seemed so at first. We got used to such things after a little while.

It got dark early at that time of the year and that night we got started about 7.30. Since the roads seemed to be a good deal used at night we struck across through the country by compass, travelling through the fields most of the time. About 3 A.M., we came out of a patch of woods the map showed to be near Recklinghausen, and around the side of a small mountain till we struck the River Lippe. There was no bridge here and we couldn't cross the river because Hart couldn't swim so we decided to follow the road. Coming around a bend we saw a house with a bright light in

one of the windows. By this time we were tired and wanted some water, so we thought we'd scout around the place to try to locate a well. Who do you think that house belonged to? Well, when we got up within eyeshot of the window who did we see but a gendarme writing at a table, probably making out some of the dozens of reports those fellows have to hand in to the government, in uniform and helmet, and with a rifle beside him. No thank you. We decided to look elsewhere for a drink.

Our map showed a bridge somewhere in this district and about two miles farther we found it. Just in front of it, however, were three big steam rollers, just about like we use here, which had been evidently used during the day in roadmaking. One or two lights indicated some one around. We crawled up mighty carefully, and by listening learned that there were three watchmen. We knew that most of the bridges were guarded and hardly knew what to do but since we had to get on, finally we skirted the rollers, got up quietly to the bridge

approaches and made a dash over. It's a wonder there wasn't a guard somewhere round on the other side. P'raps there was. However, we got across without stirring up any trouble.

A quarter of a mile farther on we hit a railway, which our map showed ran into Haltern, a good-sized railway center. We scented the possibility of trouble here, with trains passing all the time, so skirted the place, going through some of the thinly-settled suburbs. On the other side of the town we hit a road we thought was the right one by the map, which showed two roads, one running to the right, the other to the left. As it happened, we hit a bend in the road running to the right and thinking it was the one we wanted, started along it and followed it till midnight, when from a few landmarks shown on the map we knew we were astray. That road led right into Dulman camp, only a short distance away, where Jack spent several weeks of his time.

Finally, after a good deal of trouble we

got across the country to the right road, and coming suddenly round a bend which hid anything ahead, found ourselves, before we even dreamed of it, in the outskirts of another city,—the name, somehow I can't remember. There were some people standing on the road here, and we knew if they had seen us and we started back they would suspect something, so there was nothing to do but to pike along. And along we went, right through the main street of that town—a good-sized place, too, about fifteen thousand, I should think —under the electric lights and passed lighted stores and houses. Shortly after we got into the place we struck a trolley track and a little farther on a knot of people was standing, apparently waiting for a car. We shoved right past them and while the red stripes on our trousers and our special hats should have spotted us in a second, nobody seemed to notice us. You can imagine we had some creepy feelings, though. Several times I saw myself back in those black cells at Friedrichsfeld again.

We were a little anxious, too, when after passing a policeman, coming up through a subway, and passing along perhaps fifty yards, we saw a sentry marching up and down a beat on the opposite side of the street. We found later that this was a "Gefangenlager," or prison camp, right in the town, which housed a number of prisoners who were working in two or three of the town's factories. Probably some of our own fellows were sleeping up just above the street there as we went past. That sentry *seemed* to eye us up and down and we thought the goose was cooked all right and that there'd be nothing left but the gravy, but somehow or other the shadows must have hidden us. There was a big arc light just there too. Anyhow, we got past him.

A little farther along we met a boy who for some reason or other followed us for a long piece. Hart said: "That kid's spotted us. He's going to give us away." I said: "We'd better pike on, anyway." We hardly liked to look behind but couldn't resist the temptation, and I can tell you,

we were mightily relieved when that lad turned down into a side alley as though he had been making for it all the time.

It began to get light when we got well out of the town so it was up to us to hunt for cover. There wasn't any bush anywhere round so when we came to a turn with an embankment over the road at one side, we decided to try it up there, particularly as we heard a wagon coming along the road. At one spot there were a few bushes and while we were all right so far as being seen from the road was concerned, we knew we could be seen from any of the fields around. We found a shallow ditch just behind the embankment and for lack of anything better, got down into that.

It wasn't so bad—at first. But during the morning it began to rain like pitchforks and after a few minutes the mud and water poured down that ditch like a sewer. You can imagine what it felt like to be lying there, holding on to the bottom, so that we wouldn't be carried down. All the time there were wagons which we could see

plainly passing along the road. Several times we thought we'd get out and try to get a better spot but we wouldn't any more than sit up when another wagon would pop into sight. Oh, that was some day, all right.

That night we were in splendid shape. "*Aber nicht,*" as the Huns say. Beside being wet,—I was going to say drowned—and slimy with mud, every joint seemed stiff and it was a weary and mighty low-spirited pair that started out as soon as it became dark and the regular traffic on the road stopped. After we tramped along for about six kilos with the water sloshing in our boots we came to a little hamlet, which the map designated as Kleinereichen. This was merely a farming center and all the farmers were asleep. A feature of this place seemed to be a big hotel, which was probably a sanitarium of some kind. We should have skirted it, particularly when we saw it was lighted up, but we were too tired and discouraged by that time to care much what happened and so plugged along past it. There was a big verandah out in

front and on this were a bunch of people, probably guests, singing German songs and having a first-rate time. They certainly looked us over as we went past, but apparently didn't notice anything out of the ordinary.

A little later we got absolutely lost. Can you imagine it? In an enemy country, trying to make your way without being seen and only able to steer a course by a compass and a map. If we could have seen the map it would have been a good deal easier, but of course we scarcely dared to strike a light anywhere. When we did look at the map we used to hold it under our coats. Anyhow, just outside that little village we came to a fork in the road and, somehow or other, we took the wrong turning. That took us ten or twelve miles out of our way and when we discovered how we were travelling, we found we were hitting it back into Germany again. Of course when the stars were shining it wasn't so bad. We knew enough to pick our way then. But that night was wet. Indeed,

it rained off and on for about forty-eight hours. Following this road we passed through another little town, Hayden, which we remember particularly by reason of the old-fashioned gabled houses. Here the wagons were all drawn up in front of the barns along the street ready for use in the morning, and as we passed along the street we could hear the cattle stamping in the stables. Just as we were getting out of the place, a big bell made us jump, and after it struck four a set of beautiful chimes started to play. One old chap on the outskirts had apparently risen earlier than his neighbors for he stood out in front of his house in the dusk and as we went by hollered "*Guten morgen.*" Of course we hollered back. We wondered what he would have thought if he had any idea who we were.

We made good time that night in spite of our low spirits. Travelled fast to keep warm, I guess. There was nothing else to warm us up. We had started out with a supply of biscuits and bully beef from our parcels which we had counted on putting us

through three days. It lasted about two, and by this time we had absolutely nothing left. After the way we had been filling up on wheat and vegetable stew, it was rather hard on us. We appreciated this when we got along ten or twelve miles farther to Velin, another little country village. By this time it was getting light and we could see the people getting the fires lit for breakfast. I remember one dear old grandmotherly-looking woman we saw going in with an armful of wood and I said to Hart: "I suppose her sons are all off to the war and she has to chop up that wood herself. I wonder what she's going to cook?" Poor people. Besides vegetables there wasn't anything much to cook.

Shortly after this we heard some wagons coming and knew we would have to get under cover quick. So, taking a chance, and not knowing what we might run into, we took a private road and going past a house, got into a little patch of scrub trees, the patch being perhaps about twenty feet across. To get there we had to get

past a man cutting clover in a field. We hid behind something or other till he went into the barn and then skinned across the field. During the day some children came right past us within a few feet. It's a mystery how they didn't discover us for there was practically nothing between them and us.

We knew this couldn't happen again, that if anyone else came along it would be the end of us so we decided to take a chance and to try to get into what looked like a good-sized patch of woods to the left. When we got over there after a good dash, we found it was only fifty yards through and was crossed with paths, which were evidently frequently used. However, we got down a little farther to a copse of firs, crawled in under them and spent the rest of the day there.

It rained again that day, a cold, disheartening drizzle, and by this time we were in pretty bad shape and about ready to give up.

By the map we knew that we were about twenty-five to thirty kilos (about sixteen

miles) from the border, and expected that we would have to take another day to it. So that night we started off again, with gnawing stomachs, and with clothes still soaked. My, how that rain did pound into our faces! A regular hurricane blew, too. I suppose it was the very best kind of a night for us to travel, there was no one else on the road. Just about then we weren't thinking much about that.

Along toward morning we came to a drive-shed placed in front of and only a little distance away from a house on the roadside. By this time I was too tired to go on any farther, and while I knew it was taking a chance, I said to Hart: "This looks like a good place to kip." He agreed, and when we went around to investigate, we found the sides of the place piled to the top with straw—wheat straw on one side, oat straw on the other. We scurried around for a little while, trying to get something to eat and found a few hard potatoes. They were better than nothing, but raw potatoes are not particularly refreshing any time.

About three o'clock, I guess it was, we climbed up the wooden posts, our coats catching on the dowels, and finally tumbled down on the straw. We thought it would be warm, but the wind blew in all around the place. I won't soon forget that night. By this time the wet and exposure had begun to affect my wound and I was in agony. After we lay there a while, I said to Hart: "I can't stand this any longer. I've got to have a smoke."

"For God's sake, don't," he shot back. "You'll set the place on fire or somebody will be sure to see the light."

For a while this seemed good advice, but eventually I had to get out my old pipe and by holding the match under my coat I managed to get her going. And it was a big comfort.

At daybreak the farmer and a Russian prisoner came down into the shed and we heard the farmer tell the Russ how to make sheaves out of the straw and send him to climb up one of the piles. At first we had been looking over the top of the pile, but

of course when they came near we dropped back. Well, when that Russ started to climb, it sounded as though he was making for our side of the shed and we got ready to throttle him; but, for some reason we could never understand, he turned back and climbed up into the other mow. He seemed to be a fairly happy cuss, for he worked away there, singing as he worked, all morning.

During the morning the farmer came back and was so pleased with the work, that he began to praise him. Say, I wish they'd sent me to that farmer instead of to Becker. It turned out rather funny, however, for the Russian didn't understand what the farmer meant; thought he was kidding him, I guess, and began to get mad. When the farmer went away he began to swear like sixty.

Several times I was going to holler to him but we had learned from experience that you couldn't always trust these fellows so I didn't like to.

Late in the afternoon it got so cold and

I got so miserable that I decided I had to have another smoke. Hart wasn't a smoker and he got mad—I guess it isn't much wonder—when he saw me begin to light matches in the straw. I was able to get the old pipe down under my coat and keep the smoke pretty well in, however, for our Russian friend certainly didn't suspect anything. And how that smoke did warm me up.

That surely was a long day. I guess we were too miserable or too excited to sleep. We got scarcely any sleep during the four days we were on the way. That night, though, we got started off again, as we hoped, on the last leg. We had heard how hard it was to get over the border, but we kept on going and hoping.

And that night we got lost again. We came to a bend in the road with a railroad running through it and, thinking we were going in the right direction, cut across the fields. Here we hit another road but since we struck this on an angle, couldn't tell which direction to take. We went along

what seemed to be right, however, but after a while came to a village which wasn't shown on the map, so we knew we must be astray. It's a funny thing, but when Jack began to tell me about the route he followed I found he got lost in about the same way on this same strip of road.

Coming back we piked along and finally came to a place we were able to identify as Oding. As we walked along we heard shots and I remember noting to Hart that it seemed as if we were coming up into the firing line again. It sounded like old times, just like coming up into the communication trenches.

We got quite a scare at a bend here, for as we came along some dogs started to bark. We scooted as fast as we could across a field but went back when they didn't seem to be coming any nearer and then found that they were tied up, evidently police dogs. A minute later two lights swept into view coming down the road and we just had time to duck across the ditch and into a patch of trees when two German

soldiers came along on bicycles carrying strong seachlights. If we hadn't seen those lights they would have had us as sure as guns. As they jogged past somewhat leisurely we were able to hear them talking about looking out for some escaped prisoners. Comforting, wasn't it?

We worked around and through Oding, passing the town about 12 P.M., and a little way past came on a signpost which noted that it was only seven and a half kilos to Winterswijk, a Dutch town, lying just across the border. From this we figured that we were only three or four kilos from the border.

We had been told that the dividing line was very closely guarded, and after talking it over, decided that it would be better to leave the road here and to work over on a radius, trying to keep clear of the sentries. It was a very fortunate thing we did. Accordingly, we went out about three quarters of a mile till we struck a good-sized bush. Getting into this we carried along till we came to a river—the Lour. Just here

there were two big white crosses on two trees. We thought this meant something and stopped to investigate. I was just about to light a match to get a better look at them, when we heard something coming. Whatever it was, was close, mightily so. We flopped at once right in our tracks and lay like logs, scarcely breathing. In a moment two men, who when they got close we identified as sentries, passed within twelve feet of us. If they had looked to one side they could hardly have helped seeing us for we had absolutely no cover and it wasn't dark enough to hide us at all comfortably.

After things settled down, we started on again, travelling northwest along the Lour which we knew flowed into Holland and thus would land us there ultimately. As you can imagine we were beastly tired, however, and after a while I said to Hart: "Surely we ought to be out now. Let's take another chance."

When we hit the road again it was beginning to get a little light and we noticed

that the signposts were different. In Germany they are red, white, and black. These were red, white, and blue. The houses looked better here, too. The trees were pruned and there were occasional hedges, something we hadn't seen in Germany. You can imagine how we felt. I was so confident, I got out my old pipe and began to light up. But—coming round a bend we saw a big arc light; underneath it a guardhouse and a couple of sentries on a beat across a spot where the road was fenced off.

That was some tumble, I can tell you.

I grabbed Hart who didn't see the light for a second and we got off the road in a hurry. "Gosh, that was a narrow shave!" he said. "I guess we're not in Holland yet."

We got off on a little side road and after going a few yards found a gully which seemed to lead in the direction we wanted. I suppose it would have been safer, perhaps, to have stayed in that spot for another day, but we were so near dead we didn't see how

we could stand it any longer and were ready to take any chance. So we got down in that gully, which had six inches of water in the bottom and crawled along in this for three quarters of a mile past that sentry post and till we knew we must be across the border. When we finally dared to get up and walk we struck a letter box, which bore a lion instead of the eagle which is always placed on the German boxes. A few minutes more brought us into Winterswijk.

How did we feel? Well, like jumping about forty feet into the air. But when we were so weak and tired we could scarcely stand, there wasn't very much fireworks about it. And even yet we weren't absolutely sure. However, by this time it was getting daylight, and we met several people all of whom spoke in German. This rather puzzled us again. Finally we got down to a railway station and asked a switchman out in the yards if this was in Holland. At first, as was perhaps natural, he seemed astounded, but in a minute he came back with a "Jah! Jah!" Then we were happy.

We walked into the station, absolutely too tired to go farther, not knowing what treatment we would receive and not caring much, either. When we told them that we were escaped British prisoners they kicked up quite a fuss and said: "Germans no good." We had no money but they took pity on us, and after a wash, which felt mighty good, they gave us a good meal of coffee and bread and butter.

Butter—Say, but it was good! That was the first butter I had tasted since we had been in the trenches.

When we got freshened up a little, one of the guards told us we would have to go back to the Holland guard on the border to report and we were taken by a short route back to the *same spot we had been frightened of and had crawled that three quarters of a mile around in that muddy ditch the night before.* No, we weren't a bit mad at ourselves. We were too dashed glad to be out of Germany to bother about a little thing like that.

Here they made us give our names, ex-

plaining that these had to be sent back with a report of the escape, and asked us a few questions. Then we were taken back into Winterswijk, held till about ten o'clock, and were sent off then to Didam, where a quarantine camp was established. While we hadn't yet achieved actual freedom we could see the necessity of the various steps taken to prevent trouble and were mighty glad to act accordingly, knowing that shortly we would get back again to good old Blighty.

We were held in the Didam quarantine station for about two weeks along with forty others, French, Russians, and Belgians, and while we were still under military surveillance were in such different conditions than we had been in for almost two years, that it seemed heavenly. We were able to get really clean here, were comfortably lodged, and got plenty to eat. Plenty, that would be, for an ordinary man. After our experience it didn't seem that we could ever get filled up. To make up for our lack of money, by arrangement with the

British consul to cover such cases, we were given a book of coupons which could be exchanged at a canteen in the camp for chocolate, fruit, tobacco, and such things. That book came in handy, all right. I figured it out afterward that my extras during that two weeks cost the British consul mighty near fifty dollars. I spent altogether 120 gruels, and a gruel works out at about thirty-eight cents.

All in all the Dutch officials and people gave us the best of treatment and I guess I filled out physically a good deal in that two weeks. One of the chances I got I hadn't had before, was to write all the letters I wanted. A few of those went right back into Germany.

At the end of the quarantine period we were sent down to Rotterdam and reported to the British consul. Then for a day or two, until arrangements could be made to send us back to England, nothing around that old town was too good for us. Hart and I were taken in tow by an interned petty officer who had been forced into

Holland during the action at Bruges early in the war. While he was on his honor not to try to escape this did not prevent him giving us a good time. And we surely had it.

CHAPTER VII

EFFORTS TO ESCAPE

Jack Evans resumes:

FOUR times in all I got away from the prison camp. Three times I was nabbed, the third time within two hundred yards of the border. When they brought us back each time they would tell us, with a good deal of glee, that no one could get entirely out of Germany. Well, you see, we believed in trying.

The first attempt was made about the middle of February, 1917. Several of us had been planning for quite a while how it could be done and finally Raesides—you've heard me speak of him before—and I hit on the scheme of digging through the wall of the barracks. What inspired it, I guess, was the finding of a loose board under one of our bunks.

We managed to get a small shovel up from the mine, hiding it under our clothes, as we came past the guards, and started to work. No sinecure that either, after putting in the regular day's stint down in the mine. But we kept at it, getting a little done at a time. First the floor had to be pried up to allow the passage of a man's body. After that came some fairly easy digging till we struck the stone wall of the barrack. That ran down a good piece into the ground and there was nothing to do but to hammer a hole though it. To do that with a shovel was no pink-tea job, either. Finally, however, we got through that and then continued the tunnel about fifteen yards farther to carry us well under the three rows of wire and the sentry beats around the camp.

What did we do with the earth? Most of it went up under our bunks. It was packed away there for fair. If they had come around to inspect it they would have seen something was doing. But you see, we had to take a chance in some ways.

Well, after about three weeks' hard work Rae and I got that tunnel ready to open up, and one night about midnight we made the break. The opening brought us up right beside the road running round the camp and we got away from that spot without any trouble. We had planned to get across the river, the Lippe, the first night and to do this, foolishly attempted to cross a railway bridge within a mile or two of the camp. We might have known what would happen. I found out later that it didn't pay to take any chances on such things and that it needed a good deal of experience to know just what to expect and even then the unexpected came along frequently.

Anyway, we were nabbed before we even got across that bridge and marched back to camp by a guard with fixed bayonets. That experience was brief. And it brought us twelve days each in black cells as a punishment.

We worried along from then till the end of March but in April, with the feel of spring

in the air, made up our minds to try it again. This time six of us went at it, digging a tunnel similarly but in another part of the barracks. Everything looked lovely. We laid the thing out so as to escape the sentries' regular beat, had a stock of food saved up, and everything, as we thought, well planned. At the appointed time Nicholson, who was ahead, with three of us in the tunnel and two above in the bunk house, started to open out the tunnel. He was pretty near the top and about ready to break through when he got a big surprise. And so, I guess, did somebody else. It appeared that for some peculiar reason the beat of one of the sentries had been changed that day and he was following a path, for the first time that night, which led him directly over that tunnel. What did the beggar do but come along just as Nick was ready to break out and by his weight broke through. He was too surprised, I guess, to do anything at first. So were we. We knew the game was up, though, and there was nothing to do but

to beat it. So we all scrambled out of the hole and back to bed and when the sentries came in with a big hullabaloo a little later nobody knew anything about it.

We thought we were going to get off without trouble, but the trouble came all right next morning, when they paraded all the British prisoners and threatened that they would punish the whole bunch if the guilty ones were not given up. We knew somebody would have to take what was coming but didn't see that there was any use of all of us being let in for it, so drew lots, when we got by ourselves, as to who would stand the gaff. As a result Blacklock, Howitt, and Toby Boyd gave themselves up and were given seven days "black."

Really we had a lot of fun over digging that tunnel. This time we loosened a board at one end only and to avert suspicion arranged that a man in the bunk should hold it up while another chap worked below. Occasionally the man above forgot, let go, and the thing sprang to with a bang. Since

there were sentries only a few yards away it is easy to see what chances we took.

I think we started the "escape fever" at that camp for as far as I know nobody had ever tried it before. The place was protected and sentried so well that it would seem as if there was little chance of success unless some miracle happened. Our fellows kept on trying, however, with results as you shall see.

A little while after this second attempt Nicholson and another chap named McDonald had another go at it. We worked up a sort of mock circus, got two of the fellows made up like a camel, performing funny antics. Naturally the sentries became interested and while their attention was drawn these two climbed the fence, cutting the wire with a pair of pliers they had swiped from the mine, and got well away.

They were away for six days and went through a lot of hardships, only to be captured again when about a mile from the border of Holland. That attempt helped the rest of us, though, for those fellows got

a grist of information while out on that trip which proved mighty useful to us afterward.

A little later a Yorkshireman named Blacklock, an old chap who had come to Canada and spent a good many years trapping and cowpunching, a hard old duffer if ever there was one, made a try at it alone. Someway or other he got hold of some civilian clothes and coming up from the mine one night he joined the group of civilian laborers till they got out of the compound. He was away only two days when they brought him back.

My third attempt, when Nicholson and I got within two hundred yards of the border, was planned somewhat similarly. By this time we realized there wasn't much use trying to get away in our prisoners' clothes and in consequence managed to have a couple of outfits sent out with our parcels from England, and these we were able to keep away from the Germans so that the distinguishing stripes were not put on. It was mighty hard to keep these through

inspection, when all the premises were gone over, but by sewing them up in our mattresses and again by depositing them in a garbage pail while the inspection was on, we managed to hang on to them. Our hats were marked, too, so we "pinched" two from the civilian clothes room one time when we made a break through there on the way up to the mine head. We had been able to hold the compass and map we had used the first time. These, by the way, had been secured from civilians in exchange for soap.

We had planned the break for the night of May 26th. This was still in 1917, remember. We put on the civilian clothes, with our regular clothes over them, and went to the mine as usual. We had been trying to save up some grub for the trip, but our parcels hadn't been coming along as they should and so all we had were ten French biscuits, which would correspond to about half a pound of our Canadian sodas. These were carried in woollen belts we had had specially made for the purpose.

When the time arrived that night to come

up out of the mine, we waited around on one side till the last cage and schemed it so that only three of us were left for that load. The other was Matt Johnson, a Toronto boy, who I fancy is still in the prison camp. On the way up Nick and I tossed off our prisoners' clothes and threw them back down the shaft. Then when we reached the mine head we simply walked off as though we were civilians, Johnson going his way back to the prisoners' camp. Reference to the diagram opposite will perhaps make our course clearer. Leaving the mine head we had to pass ten sentries. Of course we were black then, being covered with coal dust. The civilians were supposed to wash at a special lavatory at the end of the building. We knew that if we got in among them we would be nabbed at once, so we hung around in one of the corners of the office building till we thought they would be through washing up, in the meantime rubbing our faces off with a wet rag we had brought up for the purpose, and then walked boldly over to the time offices,

where the civilians checked in, and passed through with a few of the others. One or two of the civilians eyed us a little queerly though nothing was said. We had to take a big chance there, for we hadn't had any opportunity to learn what the procedure was and a little slip might easily have given us away. However, we watched the men ahead pretty carefully and when we came opposite the time-clock grabbed the first card which came handy, shoved it in to be punched, and walked off. There were two or three clerks, together with the guards all around. I suppose we weren't more than two feet away from two or three of them for a minute or two.

Leaving the time offices we walked over to a lemonade stand a good deal frequented by the miners, and as we had planned, to avert suspicion, bought a couple of bottles and drank them. We tried to take it all coolly but inwardly I know I was quaking all the time. Never had such a sensation before or since.

As we walked down the road I noticed

the time, 10.15, on the clock-tower on the building.

The surprising part of this, now that I think of it, is that we had the audacity to do it practically in broad daylight. They use the daylight-saving system over there, you see, and it was still quite light at ten o'clock.

Well, we felt mighty good. I had hard work to keep Nick down. He seemed to be so full of spirits, he could hardly keep from running and jumping. Looked as if he thought he was out of the country already. As it turned out, he was a long way from it.

We worked our way outside the town without apparently creating any suspicion, and as soon as we were reasonably well away, pulled out our compass and set a course for the river Lippe, about four miles away. I knew better than to try to cross on any bridge. Remembered that too well, so we made for farther down the river.

We had planned that if we got across the river and got into good cover the first night

we would be doing well so when we hit a fairly good-looking spot we stopped and looked around for something to build a raft. Why didn't we swim it? We did, practically, but you see we had to think of our food. Remember that what little we had was those French biscuits which swelled up and were no further use if they got wet. It was up to us to keep them dry. After hunting for perhaps half an hour we found some fence posts and with some ropes we had brought wrapped about our waists from the mine, we made up a little raft to carry our clothes. Then we stripped and swam over, pushing the raft ahead of us.

Gee, that was cold. The Lippe was about as big as the Humber, west of Toronto, say thirty yards wide, but it was swift and it was all we could do to make it. When we got across Nick climbed the bank to see what things looked like while I stayed behind to break up the raft and get the ropes off it.

And right here I want to tell you what kind of a chap Nick was. He hadn't been

used to roughing it much. Spent most of his life in Winnipeg, I think, where he had some job on the Grain Exchange. He was more used to tennis and such pink tea games than things like this. But he certainly had the stuff in him all right. When I climbed up over that bank what do you suppose I saw? There was old Nick, still in the costume Nature gave him, dancing around shivering and with his eyes skinned, looking for trouble. When I asked him, none too politely, I guess, what he was doing, he said: "Did you think I was piker enough to get dressed while you were down there in that cold water?" That was Nick, playing up square and taking his big share of trouble every time. Gee, I wish I could have brought him along with me, when I did get away.

Well, that first difficulty over we got into our clothes and started off, keeping our eyes open for cover. It was scarce around there or we weren't so easily satisfied as we got to be later, for we kept on moving and didn't find anything which looked safe

till about 4 A.M., when we ran across what looked like a good-looking clump of bushes in about an acre of bush. Of course it was dark and we couldn't be sure, as became evident afterward. We didn't sleep any that morning. Excitement too great, I suppose. But there was another even better reason. We soon learned that we were in the middle of a swampy patch and that patch must have been a mosquito paradise. Gee, how they sang and how they bit. And the German mosquito is no slouch, I can tell you. We wanted half a dozen times to make a break for a better spot, but as soon as it got light we found that we had quartered ourselves only about a hundred yards from a farmhouse, and that somebody seemed to be moving about all the time. As a matter of fact the children from that house, who by the way seemed to be mosquito proof,—acclimatized, I suppose,—played for several hours within twenty yards of us. We started to move out several times but remembered that there was a reward placed on every

prisoner's head and that a civilian had a right to shoot at sight at anything he suspected. It seemed as if all the civilians, the farmers at least, were armed. Had to be, I guess, to keep the other fellows away from their food supply.

When I looked at Nick toward night I had to laugh for his eyes and cheeks were swollen up fearfully. He said I was the same. One of the hardest things was that we couldn't get water. It may seem strange but that was one of the biggest difficulties we had all along the way. We scouted around that house and barn after it got dark, but couldn't find anything wet, except the swamp. Things are a good deal different at night and in the dark, particularly in a strange country, and when you are watching all the time for something to happen, than they are under other conditions.

We started about 10.45 that night, just as it was dusk, and because the country was very hard to get across, travelled along the road. Several times we met people

but in most cases they spoke to us and when we gave them back a salutation, they did not notice anything out of the ordinary. About one in the morning we crossed a railroad track. We thought we had to be careful there and so scouted through a little clump of bushes. As we climbed out, a little carelessly, I'm afraid, and probably with a good deal of cracking of branches, our eyes lit on—a bunch of white tents not fifty yards away. Two sentries were on their beats and how they didn't see or hear us is a mystery. It was probably a small detachment, camped for the night. We weren't very long in getting back into the bush, I can assure you.

We piked along till four o'clock, when we ran into a patch of low scrub, not big enough to provide cover, and awfully hard to get through. I think we wandered around in that for about two hours, most of it in daylight. About six o'clock we heard a shot or two, mighty close too, and thought somebody must have spotted us. After a minute or two we saw a chap in the next

field shooting crows. After a few minutes we knew we would have to take what cover we could get, so stowed ourselves away as best we could there. By that time we were pretty tired so we went off to sleep till about noon. Our lunch consisted of part of a biscuit and we were so thirsty—we hadn't been able to get any water yet—that it was almost out of the question to get it down. Our tongues were fairly wagging.

About three-thirty it began to rain like the dickens. In a way this was tough. In another we were glad. As those drops came down we held up our felt hats and got our mouths moistened. Have you ever wanted a drink badly and were only able to tantalize yourself like that?

Ever drink from a puddle? Muddy ones and all? We did that night for when we started—about 10.30—we still wanted water and that was the safest and easiest way to get it. And that muddy stuff helped us so that we were able to travel that night, so near as we could estimate, about twelve or thirteen miles.

That night also we had trouble in finding cover, and finally got shelter in a small clump of bushes. The spot was pretty well exposed, too, so we kept on the lookout and didn't dare to think of going to sleep. Two or three times that day, children passed within fifteen feet and we thought they were going to walk right in on us, but something seemed to steer them away. The day was memorable for another feature. We ran out of tobacco and from that time on had to smoke old leaves.

The next night was one to remember, also, but for a different reason. We started out before it got very dark, at about 10.45, and just got nicely out of the bush, when we unexpectedly ran into two girls, farmers' daughters, probably. By this time we were not objects of beauty by any means for of course we had had no opportunity to wash or shave and looked pretty cadaverous, I guess, in addition. They seemed to know what we were, for they ran away as hard as they could leg it and apparently lost no time in imparting the information, for the

next thing we knew we heard a bunch of men, a posse, on our track.

Imagine what that felt like, being chased by men who knew the country like a book while we were staggering along through the bush, not knowing what we would run into or where we would come out. At one time we judged they were within three hundred yards of us. We could hear them calling to one another and could tell that they thought they had us right in their clutches. When they got near like this, though, we would take a spurt ahead again. This kept on for about two hours and finally they seemed to give up in disgust. We travelled along until daylight but were nearly all in.

The next night a somewhat similar experience followed. We spent the day in poor cover near the road and two or three times during the day children passed just a few feet from us, evidently going to and from school. We were in pretty bad shape for water but finally got some out of a little creek in the neighborhood. And then,

shortly after we started out, at night, piking along the road as well as we could, we ran plump into a man on a bicycle, who was riding along so quietly in the darkness we did not hear him. Without a doubt he knew what we were but he was apparently scared of us, for after taking a good look, he jumped on his wheel and pedalled off down the road at a great rate. And it wasn't long till another posse was at our heels.

By this time we thought we had enough of travelling on the road, so struck across the fields, evading the posse, who apparently went right along the road after us. It was impossible to see the compass, which was not illuminated, so we steered our course as best we could by the north star. Gee, we were fagged that night. But so near as we could figure from landmarks and the map we seemed to be about ten kilos —seven or eight miles—from the frontier. We looked hard for cover that morning, till we were too exhausted to look further and finally got into a little group of trees

near a road. We saw as soon as it got light that this spot would never do, for the road appeared to be used a good deal and there was no shelter whatever, beyond the mere tree trunks. So we made for a little creek bank a few feet away and dug in halfway under the bank, hoping to make a hole big enough to shelter us. It was stiff digging in that heavy clay with our hands, however, and finally we gave it up and decided to use a few old leaves to strew over us if it seemed necessary. Across from us was an open field and we had no sooner gotten settled down nicely than two women came out and began to hoe turnips. They worked there steadily all day, at times not more than a hundred yards from us, and all the time people, wagons, and children were passing up and down that road, not more than fifty feet away on the other side. About seven P.M., the women went in and we sat up for relief, for by that time, after lying as nearly motionless as possible all day, we were rather cramped, as you can imagine. We had just begun to stretch out when we

heard someone coming through the patch of trees and had to duck and crawl back into the hole again. It was well we did. A minute later two German soldiers, fully armed, and probably belonging to a local patrol, came along the bank and crossed the creek within ten feet of us. As if that wasn't enough they stopped just opposite where we were lying and began to talk. We hadn't had time to get any leaves over us and were practically in plain sight. Why they didn't see us is a wonder. We lay like statues, though, and as anyone who has been out in No Man's Land knows, it's sometimes mighty hard to spot anything when it doesn't move. Whether we looked like logs or something similar, I don't know. You see, we had a good deal of mud and clay over us. Anyway, after what seemed a long time those two chaps toddled away. We thought at the time the women must have seen us and sent the patrol out after us. When we heard them talk, though, and, with a good deal of relief, saw them cut across the fields, we guessed that they had

just happened that way. The direction they took would bring them, so near as we could reckon by the map, into a little town named Weseke and they were probably taking a short cut to get back to their quarters.

That night was to be the fated one. We got off early, planning to hit the border about two A.M., if possible, and followed the road for a while so as not to lose our course. At first we made good time, though we were so weary and hungry we could scarcely walk straight. Then we began to meet people on the road, and besides keeping our eyes open, had to flop into the ditch when anyone came along. We got to Weseke somewhere about midnight, and knew we were then only about four miles and a half from Holland. Liberty seemed mighty near at hand. However, from here on, we knew we should have to travel a good deal by the main road since the country was full of very heavy swamps which it would have been impossible for us to get through in our weakened condition. We

knew there were likely to be patrols on this road and so were extra careful. Two or three times patrols on bicycles did pass us, going both ways. We were fortunate enough to see them and to flop into the ditch each time. I suppose it was risky travelling like that but by this time we had grown so used to narrow escapes we didn't think much of them, and besides we had gotten along so well and had come through so many narrow squeaks I guess we thought our good fortune was sure to continue. So we jogged along, the best way we could. We had eaten the last few crumbs of our biscuits that morning and by this time were past being hungry. It was about all we could do to stagger. And the thought of gaining our freedom shortly had a good deal to do with our getting along at all. I was bad enough. But poor Nick was a good deal worse and kept up by sheer nerve.

Finally, after keeping our eyes and ears skinned, we came to a signpost, which the map covering that section of the road showed to be just on the border. One

arm pointed northwest, into Holland, the other back into Germany, and this latter arm bore words to the effect, so near as we could read them in the dark, that the nearest German town was two and a half miles back. Things were pretty quiet around there just then and I said to Nick: "Old boy, I believe we're over."

"I don't know, Jack," he said. "I'm not so sure." I was willing to bet anything but on Nick's advice we went along cautiously. As we passed down the road we saw numerous clumps of bushes and just when I began to feel absolutely sure and was about ready to let out a big whoop, suddenly *three sentries with fixed bayonets stepped out from behind the bushes, not three yards away from us.*

We were nabbed again.

We tried to make a break for it, but were so surprised and so weak that it was no use. Before we could move those fellows were around us with the tips of their bayonets against our skin and yelling: "*Zurück*" (Go back).

Say! You can't imagine what I felt like then. Nobody could who hadn't been through it. My heart dropped to my toes like a hunk of lead and I nearly dropped myself, with it. We knew we were near the border but not how near.

In a moment the chap who seemed to be in charge looked us up and down and asked for our passports. When we pretended not to be able to understand him, he asked what we were. We said we were Belgian civilians taking a little night trip into Holland for some grub. We knew that was frequently done and thought if we could get away with that we would get off easier. Then we asked how far it was to the frontier. One of them said, "Ten kilos," another made it five. The third said, "Not many."

We had learned from the civilians in the mines that no German civilian was allowed within three hundred yards of the border without a passport.

The corporal looked us over again, shoved a searchlight in our faces, and said: "*Nein.*

Sie sind Engländer schwein." We knew then that he had us and that we might as well admit it, so said: "*Jah.*"

And then I looked around at old Nick and wondered if he felt as badly about it as I did. Good old Nick. I'd give everything I've got if he were out of it with me, now.

The Germans went through us, taking our map and compass, and marched us off, insisting that we keep our hands in our pockets. When we got back to their billet they asked us how long we had been without food. I asked in reply if there was any chance of getting any bread, but was told they had no bread, that we would be given some food after our trial. About half-past three o'clock an under-officer came along and the Germans who had nabbed us shouted: "*Achtung!*" (Attention). I was so down in the mouth and so tired I wouldn't have sprung to attention for King George just then, so didn't obey. This chap quizzed us for awhile. "Ha," he said. "Running away, were you? Might as well

have saved yourselves the trouble. No one is able to get out of Germany."

It looked to us just then as if he were pretty nearly right.

About nine next morning we were marched into Sudlohn, the nearest town, and put through another quiz. When they asked what camp we had escaped from, we told them Münster. Münster is only about twenty-five miles from the border and would be easy to get away from. And just here we got another sample of German efficiency. The officer who examined us, and who, by the way, spoke English, said when we told him that: "What do you think I am? A d——n fool? You men escaped from Auguste Victoria gruber in Westphalia. You," looking at me, "are Evans. And you," turning to Nick, "are Nicholson. Why," he went on to explain, "we have records of you fellows all along the border. We know all about you and just where you've been."

When he asked how we got our civilian clothes we told him we stole them and he

seemed to think it was a great joke. He said: "You got away from the camp nicely. But you nor anyone else cannot finally escape from Germany. It's impossible. Why," he commented, "there are almost as many sentries on the frontier as there are soldiers on the Western front and even the whole British army can't get through there."

When he went on a little farther we got some information which made us feel worse than ever, if that was possible. After he asked us all he wanted to, he turned to one of the guards and asked: "Where did you capture these men?"

"At my post," was the reply, in German of course. "It is 210 meters from the frontier. He was ten meters past my post."

Do you see it? *We had been within two hundred yards of the Holland border when they nabbed us!*

If we had only known.

We thought another chance was coming shortly, for after they gave us a bowl of soup—better than usual, by the way—we

were lodged in the detention cells in Sudlohn, and after a sleep got some of our spirits back. In that cell we found part of an old spoon and saw that by working away with the screws in the hinges of the door the lock could be taken off. We were working away at this and had the screws nearly all loosened when a Frenchman was shoved in the same cell.

This chap had rather an interesting story. He had escaped with three others from a camp two hundred miles from the border and had been on the road twenty-one days. He had had a good supply of food with him however,—somehow those Frenchmen always seemed to be able to get more than we did,—and wasn't feeling so badly. The three who had escaped with him had been captured but he had gotten away practically out of the hands of the guards, only to be taken again, not far from where we had been nabbed. The examination they had given him had not been so thorough as they had put us through for he still had a supply of biscuits and chocolate and had

been able to hang on to his map and compass.

Together we had quite a time, though it was rather close, as you may imagine, in that small cell. Anyhow, we schemed to finish loosening up those screws and to make another break for it that night. The screws came loose all right after a good deal of struggling, and everything was ready, but at seven o'clock the guards came round, hauled Nick and I out, landed us on a train, and shipped us back on a four-hour ride to Auguste Victoria camp.

When we got off the train and saw where we were we felt like—well I'll leave it to you to imagine.

It was rather funny, though, to be brought in through the very time office we had walked out from a few days before and to hear the officials commenting on our escape. By this time they had sized up pretty well how it had been done.

Beyond that bowl of soup we were given no nourishment, and when, on arrival at the camp, we were shot into the clink—black

cells—and I knew we were in for a course of reduced rations which came with that treatment, I was about all in again. As it turned out, though, it wasn't as bad as usual that time. The first day, when I was out for water, I managed to slip through the fence into the English compound a note addressed to Raesides asking him to scheme some way to get some food to us. The cells we were in that time were next to the compound. Rae found out somehow or other which one I was in and by working for a few minutes at a time for a night or two he managed to work the cement away around the corner of a small brick above my head. The hole wasn't big enough to put any solid through and, you see, he didn't dare to enlarge it, but he managed to make a funnel out of a bit of tin and through that poured bits of bully beef, biscuits, and even tea, which I caught in my cap. Say, that stuff tasted great. I found after a little that the latch on my cell was loose and could be easily opened, and at night, after the guards had made

their rounds, I used to get out, open up Nick's cell, which was not far away and we would have great feeds together. Rae kept on bringing us that stuff every night. Fortunately there were a bunch of parcels coming in just then and they had lots to spare. I'll bet those guards wondered why in the mischief Nick and I were so chirky.

We had seven days of that and then one day they came along and marched us back to the mine head and ordered us to show how we had gotten away. We didn't want to tell them, naturally, and besides we had a grudge against a big Prussian who had used us rottenly for a long while and who had a temper like a dynamo, so when they asked us who helped us, we pointed to this big chap. What they did to him we never knew but when we were sent back immediately for another ten days "black" who should be put in charge of the clink but the same big Prussian. Our stay was very comfortable, of course.

Shortly after we got out and were put back to work McDonald and O'Brien, two

others of our chaps, got away from the coke ovens and got clean out, crossing the border at about the same spot we *nearly* did. You see, we knew that it *was* possible to get out of Germany. For this, however, the British prisoners remaining were *strafed* for fourteen days, given detention and besides made to stand at "Attention" in the hot sun.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT

Jack continues :

AFTER the McDonald-O'Brien escape, things tightened up a good deal around the camp. More sentries were put on and these were watched more carefully than formerly. For quite a while nobody thought it was worth while trying to get away. And one day we heard one of the captains boasting that no one would get out of that camp again.

From June till September things kept getting worse. The food was skimpier, and had it not been for our parcels we would have been dead a dozen times over. The Russians, particularly, suffered dreadfully since they had no parcels coming regularly and it was a frequent thing to see two or

three of them fall down in a faint in a morning. They were carried out and we were told were sent to a hospital. Since we nor their friends never saw them again we did not know what really became of them. Stories went round that there was not enough food in the German hospitals to bring these fellows back to strength.

Then, when things were at their worst, Nick and I thought it was about time to try it again. We knew it would be no use to try any of the old tricks, that they would be watching for us, and so started on a new game. When we were taken to the mine in the morning and brought up at night, we prisoners were left by ourselves in a wash-room near the mine offices, part of which was used by the German civilians, part by the prisoners who worked in the mine. We had often thought of the possibilities of getting out of here but since it was a solid stone building and the windows were all heavily barred with iron bars an inch in diameter and about eight inches apart, the prospects did not seem very bright. Finally,

however, it occurred to us to try the mortar around those bars. It was hard, but softer than I had expected, and we saw that if we were able to keep at it and were not detected there was a good chance of getting one of those bars loose. Just about that time they separated Nick and I, putting us on different shifts, but we kept on nibbling around the end of that bar just the same.

It may sound easy, but we were just four weeks, working regularly every day, seven days a week, getting that bar loose. Of course we only could worry with it for from one to five minutes a day. I used to stand over at that window, while the other fellows were washing, and make out that I liked to look out of the window and sing, for all the time I was scraping away at it I was humming "Tipperary" or something like that to hide the noise. You see, the windows in the civilian room were only a few feet away. Fortunately there were some heavy vines growing up over that window—one of the reasons we chose it—which hid us and the hole from view out-

side. But to keep it as far as possible from being discovered we used to carefully fill up the hole around the bar each time just before we left it.

When we got that hole worked in about six inches, I bent the wire into the shape of a hook to try for the end of the iron, but had to go fully two inches farther before I struck it. That meant that the bar was buried eight inches in the masonry. We tried the other end for a while but the mortar there seemed to be a good deal harder and progress was slower, so we decided to put the one hole in sixteen inches so that the bar could be slipped out. Even when we got that done it took another week to get that bar loose enough so that it could be moved. I had hoped that Nick and I could make a go of it together, as we had done before, but after a while we decided that that wouldn't do, that we were too closely watched and that if we kept at it together they would suspect something. So I took on as a pal "Whitey" Masters, a Toronto boy who was in the same bat-

talion and who had been around with us a good deal.

Just previous to this we had gotten a good supply of soap in our boxes from home and with some of this we bribed a civilian to give us a map and a small electric flashlight very similar to those the kids play with here. We tried to get a compass but couldn't manage it and I framed a sort of one up out of an old compass case and part of a wrist watch. We had saved up what food we could from the parcels and had been able to bring up a little rope from the mine. I knew from the last time the value of rope. Then, on the night of September 18th, while the other fellows were washing, we slid that bar out of place, slid through the window, and then slid it back again. I was thinking of old Nick, you see, and hoping he could do the same trick. Just outside the window was a wire fence and outside this again was a spiked fence. We managed to get through these, however, although sentries were supposed to be passing all the time. As a matter of fact one

came around the corner just when we hopped off the last fence and we had just time to hop behind a clump of bushes till he went by, within fifteen feet of us. At the same time two well-lit street cars went by along the main road to Haltern, which ran just beside the camp. We were almost in plain sight of the people in those cars and yet we didn't dare move lest the noise should disturb that sentry. Oh, those were some anxious minutes, all right.

On my trips to the trials I had tried to size up the roads and tried to make for one now which I thought would get us to the river and across easily. I must have gotten out of the way, though, for shortly we hit a swamp and got in it up to our necks. It was awful, floundering around there in the dark, up to our necks in some places, and not knowing when or where we were coming out. Of course we didn't dare to flash the lamp so near the camp. And we were in that slough about two hours.

Finally we wallowed out and got over to the river. We intended to work the

raft game as we had done the time before, but after looking around for material for a long while we had to give it up to get cover. The next night, after working our way about ten miles up looking for something to cross on we got hold of a scow which we rowed across in good style. We got on five or six miles farther and then, while trying to get some water at a farmhouse, apparently aroused some dogs and had to run for it. No sooner had we gotten away from them than we struck the river again. Apparently it had made a big bend in the intervening country which was not shown on our map. This time it was wider and not so deep and we were able to wade it.

The next day we had splendid cover in a big piece of bush and got some sleep. So when we started out that night we were a good deal fresher. My feet bothered me considerably though, and it was no joke to pike along over that unfamiliar country. About 11.30 we passed through Kleinereichen, the place where Fred saw the

tourists at the hotel. We saw the hotel all right but no tourists. There was a policeman on the other side of the street who eyed us pretty closely and we were anxious to get out of his inspection as soon as possible. You see this time we hadn't been able to get any civilian clothes and anyone who saw us in anything like fair light would have spotted us in a moment. We went on through Grossereichen but after our experience with the policeman worked through the outskirts here. It rained all that night and toward morning we got so tired and discouraged we couldn't keep it up any longer, so looked for what shelter we could and finally got tucked away in a bunch of firs close to the village of Randolph.

By this time our food was running low and next night, wet, hungry, and cold, we started out as soon as practicable to try to get warmed up by walking. Shortly afterward we got into a potato patch and were trying to dig out some of the gubers when we were fired on by some farmers.

It seemed not more than fifty feet away. That will illustrate how bad things were in Germany, when they had to guard their potato patches. We had learned that since the war, the farmers had been given permission to shoot anyone in their crops on sight. Naturally, we got away from that locality as soon as possible and kept on till early morning, trying to get some nourishment out of three or four raw potatoes. When we began to look for cover and the first light came we found ourselves in a sort of wilderness, the only stuff in sight being some low scrub. We got down in this and made the best of it, but got a scare during the day for a couple of chaps came along hunting. They passed within a hundred yards of us and shot at something nearer for we heard the bullets skip through the brush just a few feet away. Comforting, wasn't it?

The next night we were almost too fagged to go any farther but started off as soon as it got dark and kept going till about one-thirty when we had to lie down to rest

for a while. Unfortunately we chose a spot just beside the road. Masters had just gotten off to sleep and I guess I was pretty well on the way, too, when a dog ran up to us and started to bark. In a moment I sighted a flashlight coming along the road at a good rate. For a few minutes at least we forgot we were tired. By the time I got Masters awake that dog was at us and the light was mighty close. We sprinted up the road, however, and after a little got away, though whoever the chap with the light was, he did his best, for he fired twice, one of the bullets zipping past the side of my head.

That was good for the nerves, all right.

Then a little farther along we got into the outskirts of a little town before we knew it and got mixed up in the wire fences in some of the back yards. It was beastly dark, and awfully hard to get around. Gosh, how those fences did creak. We were afraid of dogs but there didn't seem to be a dog left in that town. They'd gone the way of most of the others, I guess.

We got into pretty good cover that day and were fairly comfortable except that we had nothing to eat and mighty little to drink. You see, all this was in a thickly settled country and we didn't dare to do much scouting for either food or water for fear we would run into something worse than hunger or thirst. Heaven knows we had had enough of that to be able to put up with both for a bit when the chances of getting away from it all seemed so good.

The next night we knew we were getting pretty near the border but along about one o'clock we hit a railroad that wasn't marked on the map, or hit it before we expected to, and it threw us out of reckoning. While we were standing there trying to figure it out a brightly lighted passenger train went by. There was no help for it though. We were lost. By this time I was staggering and while my mind seemed all right I wouldn't wonder if it wandered a little. Anyway we kept driving so near as we knew west. Good thing we did just then, too. After we followed the road a mile

or so we saw what looked like a big milk can at a farmer's gate. There was a dog there which kept running at us, but there was some cover near by and we were ready to take a chance for a good drink of milk. We each kept the dog off while the other drank. Gee, but that milk was good. I'll bet we each got away with two quarts. And it seemed to put new life into us.

A little farther we hit a cross road which looked familiar, somehow, and looking along it we saw the lights of a town. We didn't want to hit that town, but that was the only way we could think of to learn our whereabouts—to find out what town that was. So we followed back along the road until we came to the railway station, just off the road. Then it all came to me. This was Sudlohn, where the German guards had brought me after the last attempt to escape.

This suited me all right, for I had been planning to hit the border about the same spot as before because I knew something about conditions there. So we went south

to Weseke, the town I had hit with old Nick. This was only two miles from Holland but as we were pretty well all in and it was well on in the morning, we decided to make another day of it and to take no chances. We got fair cover here and spent not too bad a day, though when the sun came up we found we were only a hundred yards from the road. However, that was as good as a mile if we weren't seen. So we lay low. We did get a little "windy" when some people came up to work and cut through the next field so near we could have thrown a stone into them.

That didn't figure much, when we saw where they were making for. When you have narrow escapes half a dozen times a day and night for a week, a little thing like that doesn't count for much.

We were taking no chances from there on, however, and after we started out at about nine o'clock, fairly crawled. Half a dozen times patrols on bicycles and civilians, walking and driving, passed us, but we were in the ditch, lying like logs, and

no suspicion was aroused. Our nerves were stretched some when we had to cross a bridge to avoid two creeks. Ordinarily we would have swum or waded them but by this time simply hadn't the stamina necessary to do it. And finally, crawling on our hands and knees to avoid the patrols, and with every sense tense, we came to the signpost which had misled Nick and I three months before. This was a fearsome spot. It gave me the creeps. So we crawled off the road and over into a plowed field.

While back at the mine the last time I had happened to get in touch with a sentry who had been on this border patrol work, a stolid sort of chap, who never dreamed, I guess, that I would ever be able to make use of what he told me. He had explained that there were three lines of sentries at certain intervals and gave me other information as to the movements of the sentries. This stuff came in valuable now. We kept on crawling like caterpillars, swearing under our breaths when a stick or a stone hurt our knees, till we got to what was the

border, which just here was fixed up like a side road. A sentry was walking up and down on his beat and by certain of the description I felt pretty certain this was the last line.

We waited till his back was turned and then scooted over like a pair of scared rabbits.

Even yet, remembering my previous experience, I didn't propose to take any chances and so we kept on going through the fields till it began to get light and then struck back to the road.

The first thing we saw, when we stood up on the roadside in the semi-darkness, was something white which looked like a sheet stretched across the road. I thought at first it was a screen on the frontier and was afraid we were in wrong again. After a minute, however, we saw the thing was moving. That "screen" turned out to be —what do you suppose? Three people. Two girls, dressed in white, and a man.

When they came up I asked the chap for matches. From the look of them I

was pretty sure they were not Germans. When he spoke civilly in reply I asked him if we were in Holland. It was hard to make him understand, but finally when I pointed to the ground and queried "Holland?" he said, readily, "Jah! Jah!"

Say, I don't know what those people thought, for I don't think I ever jumped so high in my life as I did just then. It took the tiredness away for the moment like a shot to know that at last we had accomplished our purpose and were at last free from the jaws of Hunland. Those girls weren't a patch on some I know in Canada but I never felt so much like stealing a kiss in my life as I did just then. However, I remembered what kind of a looking specimen I must be and tried to hang onto myself.

The chap with them was rather a good head. When he understood who we were he became quite enthusiastic,—it was easy to see where his sympathies lay—and took us back to a Dutch sentry. We were taken to the headquarters, questioned in the same way as Fred, and then taken back to Win-

terswick. And there we got another meal I remember well—two big slices of bread and a big hunk of headcheese. I'll believe anybody who tells me that the Dutch are good cooks, all right. That was certainly great headcheese.

From Winterswick we were sent down to Didam to the quarantine station where Fred had been and there we spent just eleven days. I did my share with the canteen there, too, as you may imagine.

Three days after we lit in there we got a surprise, however, for one morning in walked Blacklock, Howitt, and Toby Boyd. They had escaped from the Auguste Victoria camp from that same barred window three days after we did, and had made pretty good time, right along. Was there a jollification? Well, I should say! All that bothered me then was that old Nick wasn't there. Oh no, nobody could get out of Germany! There must have been some funny happenings among those border patrols when the word was sent back about us getting over.

From Didam we went in due time to Rotterdam where we spent four days as the guests of the British embassy. Here we were given some civilian clothes and a passport and began to feel like honest citizens again. For nearly two years, you see, we had been regarded as scum, and while we tried to hold up our end as best we knew there was always a mighty nasty feeling in knowing that we were prisoners and practically at the mercy of the Huns.

CHAPTER IX

BLIGHTY AT LAST

Jack Evans still speaks:

In due time we travelled back to Old England on a small passenger steamer, part of a convoy, with an escort of sixteen or eighteen torpedo boats, which picked us up not far out of the harbor. It was a mighty pretty sight and an assuring one, too, to see those speedy little boats, in regular formation, hover around our own and the freight steamers like a hive of bees.

On landing, we were handed over to the Imperial authorities and sent to Wellington Barracks, London.

A week off and on was spent at the War Office, being interviewed by officials in various departments, with a view to getting

all available information as to German conditions. Naturally we were somewhat enthusiastic when in the Canadian Red Cross Headquarters we were able to tell Lady Bulkeley how welcome and necessary the parcels sent us had been.

One of the surprises in London was the small amount of damage done by the Zepp. raids. From what had been told us pretty jubilantly by the Germans, we were prepared to find the city more or less a mass of ruins. Their people certainly believe that things are pretty bad in England. When we travelled round for two or three days without seeing any signs of damage we began to conclude that the reports had been somewhat exaggerated.

Leaving London we went up to Canadian headquarters at Buxton and made a welcome visit to the paymaster. He was rather surprised when I produced my original pay book, which I had somehow or other been able to bring through everything with me. Once or twice it had been hidden in rather queer places when I expected to

be examined but I managed to hang on to it in spite of everything.

Shorncliffe, for ten days' leave, was the next event and part of this time I spent at Gravesend visiting. While here on the street one morning I ran across Blacklock, Howitt, and Boyd, who had come over on a different boat and an hour or so after I ran up against a familiar face. It was Fred.

"Why, hullo," I said. "What are you doing here? Been wounded? You're looking mighty thin."

"What are you doing yourself?" he said.

And not till we began to talk it over then did we know but that the other had been back in the trenches all the time. Peculiar how things work out, isn't it?

Fred had a rather funny little experience on landing in England, which somehow or other he doesn't like to tell. So I'll do it for him.

We landed at Harwich while the boat he was on came in at Gravesend. When he reported at the dock offices and was getting through the long run of red tape

which everybody has to put up with, they doubted his story. He showed them his passport and a photo he had taken at Rotterdam, but the official said: "That doesn't look like you," and for a while wouldn't let him by.

Do you see what it means? The poor beggar had been so starved while in Germany that when he did get a little food into him for even a few days, the change was so great that they didn't recognize him. I tell Fred he must have laid in mighty hearty coming over on the boat.

We looked pretty bad, all right, I guess. Coming down on the train to London after I first landed I got into conversation with an Englishman, who on leaving me shook hands and left two half crown pieces in my hand. When I looked a little surprised, he said: "Have a good feed on me. You need it."

From the photograph of the bunch of us taken in London just at that time you can get an idea how we did look. That photo was rather unique, too. It was

taken at the suggestion of Colonel Gordon, our old O.C. of the 4th C. M. R., who was then Officer Commanding the 8th Reserve Depot Mounted Rifles in England. There were five of us in London then, from the one Canadian battalion, all of whom had escaped within a month of one another.

I guess that was something of a record. The London papers made a good deal of it at the time, anyway. And the statement was made then that the Canadians hold the record for escapes. Well, at the rate they came into Didam while we were there, it didn't look as if there would be many of us left in Germany very long.

After a short furlough at Manchester, where, by the way, we heard about the Halifax disaster, we were put through the Canadian discharge depot and arrangements were made for our passage back to Canada. This was made on the *Justicia*, with about twelve hundred other returning men and some four hundred Canadian women.

The *Justicia*, for reasons which were not altogether clear, landed at New York.

After we had disembarked they kept the crowd waiting in an immigration shed or something like it on the docks. We got tired of this and, never having been in the big town before, wanted a chance to look around before getting back to Canada. Looking around we saw a little stairway at the rear and I said to Fred:

"I guess when we got out of Germany we ought to stand a chance of getting out of here. Let's make a try for it." Fred was game so we took a chance on that stairway.

It took us up three or four flights and up against a guard in Uncle Sam's uniform. He was a good-natured chap, I guess, for we got past him without very much trouble, and in a few minutes were in a taxi shooting down Broadway. Say, can you imagine it. A few weeks before working as despised *schweinhund* prisoners in a black hole in Central Germany. Now in our own motor and free as air riding down the street everybody wants to see sometime.

And we surely had a time in New York.

Early that evening we were sitting in a Broadway restaurant wondering how we were going to scrape up enough between us to pay the bill, not to speak of getting a place to sleep for the night, when a pleasant, nicely dressed chap came over and said:

"Are you Canadian soldiers?"

When he heard even a little of our story nothing was too good for us. The bill was soon paid, and going further, he suggested that he would like to make up a little party for us. He told us to go to another address and to ask for his table. Said that he would be along a little later with his wife and a few friends.

The place turned out to be Rector's and in due time the party developed all right as per promise. Say, we really felt we were heroes that night. Nothing was too good for us. We ate till we were ready to bust —anything that was on the menu. Indeed our friend helped a good deal in the picking. Somehow or other our story got around the place. The orchestra started to play British airs, the dancers seemed to dance especially

for us, and altogether we surely had one bully time. Our friend naturally looked after putting us up at a hotel for the night as well.

Next morning, when we came to take stock, we found ourselves nearly broke and with no way to get home in sight. We tried several schemes but finally reported to the British authorities and were sent home to good old Toronto specially and in Pullman berths, too. Some change that, after riding in those overcrowded cattle cars in Hunland.

And so, all the trouble was over.

CHAPTER X

AS TO GENERAL CONDITIONS

MOST people think a good deal of war work is being done in Canada and the United States. Say, if they knew conditions as we saw them in Germany they would think a mighty sight less of it.

What would we think, for instance, if not only every man who was at all fit was forced to go to fight, but if every woman was forced to put herself under close registration and to work wherever and at whatever job the authorities saw fit? What would we think if not only the children in their teens but also the little tots of ten and eleven were forced into war work and, entirely aside from any direction by their parents, were put at labor which we would consider much beyond them and in hours

which the men of our laboring class would not stand at all?

And yet we saw all this happening right around us in Germany.

Here we are making a big fuss when women break into a few unusual and light occupations. Over there we saw women working at practically everything. They were in the fields in every section of the country and seemed to be mixed up in every form of farm work—looking after the cattle and horses, ploughing, harvesting, threshing, doing distasteful work which even our men here don't like to do. And they did it. There was mighty little fussing about it or specially favorable conditions made for them. It is the work of the women in the fields and on the farms which has kept Germany alive till this time.

We saw women conductors, brakemen, and engineers on the railways. And perfectly efficient they seemed to be. It was a common sight, not an unusual one. And even in the heaviest class of labor the

women seemed to be doing a large share. At a large glass works at Annan, for instance, we saw a number of women wheeling huge barrowloads of coke and cinders. And at the August-Victoria mine women were employed entirely in the removal of the cars of coal from the mine head. It was a shame to watch them, some of them delicate girls, pushing these heavy cars, work which must have been away beyond their strength.

Remember, too, that this was not done of their own accord, or in any patriotic spirit. While we did not get a chance to talk to any of the women themselves we did talk with the civilians about them. They told us, quite as though it were a usual matter, how these women and girls, some of them mere youngsters, had been brought from their homes at government direction and were forced to do this kind of work.

Couldn't they strike or refuse to do it? Yes, they could and did occasionally at first, so we were told. But that's all the good it did them. You see, at that time,

as no doubt it is now, it was necessary to have cards to get not only food but also clothing and other necessaries and the old injunction that if a man won't work neither shall he eat was applied practically to the women in this case. The thing was very simple. If they didn't do the work as they were ordered, and a fair amount of it at that, they got no cards.

And if you will imagine the worst social conditions which might apply in such a state of affairs you will about hit what prevailed among these women. Some of them had come from good homes and were more or less cultured. Others were from anything but that class. They were forced to live more or less closely together under regulations similar to that existing in military camps and in the light of the pittance of pay they received, over and above their living, it is not surprising that anything but ideal conditions prevailed. What this sort of thing is going to mean to the Germany of to-morrow one can only conjecture.

What would we think, again, if we saw

squads of our boys and girls from twelve to sixteen years old being marched down the streets of our towns and villages to the railroad stations to be taken away for war work?

Yet we saw this thing not once but frequently when we were on farm work outside the prison camps. These kiddies, as they actually were, were drafted, just as our young men are, and without any direction or choice on the part of the parents, were taken off to some adjacent section, to work in the harvest or in some industrial concern, where their hours, their meals, and their whole lives were regulated to the last notch.

One little chap, Rudolph, was taken from the home of one of the farms we were on. He was only eleven and small for his age, but that apparently made no difference. He cried very hard when the time came to go and had to be pulled away from his people by force. He was away for six weeks at a stretch, having been taken to a factory in Bavaria, about a hundred miles from home. We saw him once when he

was home for a day or two and the poor little beggar looked nearly dead. He was given no pay, but worked and suffered, as no doubt he did very deeply, for his keep alone. And pretty poor keep it must have been. At that time his family were subsisting chiefly on turnips and mangels. What these children got away from home it is hard to guess. Certainly, judging from this little fellow's appearance, it was anything but nourishing.

What would we think, again, if our town schools were closed for several days at a time during the harvest season and our children were forced to go out in a body to work at gleaning following the harvesting machinery? Many times we saw identically this happen in the province of Hess-Nassau, where we were working. A large farmer in the district would apply for the help of the children and apparently there were regulations empowering him to enforce his demand. The school was closed and four or five hundred children given over to his control for the day. It almost broke

our hearts two or three times, to see the line of kiddies, from eight to ten years old, both girls and boys, plodding heartlessly and stolidly up the field, with the farmer behind them, prodding them on. Occasionally one would fall behind and in most cases the treatment he would receive would be anything but gentle. These children worked from dawn till dark and kept at it in a way few of our children would be able to stand. The only period which might be called a rest was at noon when they got from fifteen minutes to half an hour to eat what little lunch they brought with them.

Our children would have been laughing or crying under such treatment. All the laughter seemed to be regulated or hammered out of these children. They did what they had to stolidly, just as though they knew they had to and there was no help for it. There was no spirit of fun or mischief evident as there would be among our children in similar circumstances. And as we see it, it must be this spirit of stolidity

and subservience to regulations which is keeping Germany where she is to-day.

Of course there was a reward for this work. In money or gifts? No. If the children of one school did particularly well their school would be given a distinguishing mark and listed with special honor.

We don't suppose these conditions existed to the same extent in the cities or among the wealthier classes. We were told that the private schools were exempt from it.

Oh, it's the peasant and the laboring class that is bearing the larger share of the burden, all right. The civilians used to say that if you had money you could get along in Germany all right. And they told us repeated stories of graft in various forms. For instance, we saw at a railway station one day a young chap in civilian clothes who looked fit and well—a sight so unusual that it provoked comment. When we asked a guard about it he shrugged his shoulders and explained that that young man was well known all over that section as having been bought out of service by a

rich father. How much the generous-hearted dad may have had to put up for the sake of safety for his son's skin may be judged from the story told us by a sentry we got fairly close to in Friedrichsfeld camp. This chap had gone to the States when a boy, had piled up a small fortune and had come back to Germany to live just a year or two before the war. When the call came to his class he was naturally not as enthusiastic about the future of the Fatherland as some of the others and in consequence made arrangements to purchase his exemption. He paid about a fifth of his fortune and rested in fancied security for six months when another call came and it appeared that his exemption had only been temporary. Again he tried the same scheme, with the same result. In the end he was drafted, forced to leave his wife and two children with practically nothing more than the common soldier's allowance and was serving as a guard and receiving training under the not particularly pleasant treatment of the German non-coms. This man

expected to be sent to the Western front shortly. It is altogether likely he has been in the recent mass attacks in France. The allowance which was made to his wife and family was twenty marks per month with an addition of two or three marks for the children. This would amount to not more than six dollars all told. When he tried to work this out to buy food, with beef at four-fifty per pound (when it could be gotten) and other things in proportion, the outlook was not very cheering. Jiminy, how this chap used to curse the Kaiser and the whole German system—when none but us could hear him. He realized then what a fool he had been to leave the United States and that the Fatherland, much boasted of, was not the Fatherland he had carried in his memory.

One old farmer we talked to one day told a pitiful story illustrating rather typically the general situation among the German agricultural classes.

"Before the war," he said, when we asked him how things were going, "I had

five pigs, a couple of cows, lots of money and five splendid sons. Now," with a facial expression which carried even more than his words. "Now I have neither hogs, cows, sons nor money. The government has taken them all."

His five sons had been killed, one after another, two on the Russian and three on the Western front. Here he was, in his old age, when he had been depending on his sons, and failing that his savings, for the future, trying to eke out an existence with two miserable-looking goats.

Why do the people stand it, you ask? Will there be a revolution?

Well, with all due regard to what Ambassador Gerard says—and we don't profess to know much about political conditions in general and base our opinions entirely on what we saw and on what we learned from our conversations with the soldiers and civilians—it's a very discussable matter.

That the German people generally are disgusted with the war and have lost hope of any great and ultimate victory there is

no doubt. That was the spirit, at least, when we were among them. Whether the Kaiser and Hindenburg have been able to give them any new hope in the recent movements in France is also a query. They were hoping, when we were there, for a speedy peace, with such indemnities as their capture of territory might win for them. Some of them looked hopefully to such indemnities for a lowering of burdensome taxation. While some suspicion that the newspapers were not giving them the truth was seeping in then, they had been fed so systematically and continuously with news favorable to Germany that it was difficult for other than favorable opinions to find lodgment. For instance, when we found a man who was willing to talk at all freely about conditions and would ask him to account for the atrocities in France and Belgium, he would, although ready to damn the Kaiser and the military system in general, protest the facts of the stories we told him, some of which we knew by personal experience to be true. Occasion-

ally we got hold of the German local papers and could read enough to see how things were going. Usually there was point blank denial of atrocities by the Germans and on the other hand stories of alleged terrors on the part of the French and English, particularly as to their treatment of prisoners.

We knew from what we had seen in France that these were absolutely absurd but of course it was out of the question to make the Germans believe that.

The thing which seemed to astonish them most was that we had come from America and had *volunteered* to get into the war. It was mighty hard to make clear to them just why we had gotten into it and harder still to convince them that we had not been conscripted. From their point of view we were fools of the worst possible variety to get into a thing like war when we didn't actually have to.

On the other hand it was hard for us to understand how, with the freely-expressed disgust at the conditions in the Empire and particularly with the dominance of the

military clique, these people still maintained their ideal of the Fatherland. While they hate William, chiefly because they believe he was largely responsible for the war, they still maintain their faith in the Kaiser. It is a peculiar continuance of the old-time Divine Right of Kings idea which will be very hard to dislodge in Germany.

Even so, the feeling is so strong and the suffering so intense as a result of the war that it looks as if the whole country would go up like tinder, if—resolute leaders would crop up. There was talk of revolution, considerable of it, while we were there, but that's all it amounted to. The figures who display any initiative seem either to be with the Government, which means the military party, or to be dominated and bound down by it.

We read a good deal about the low morale of the German soldiery. The same thing is true among the civilians and has resulted, to a large extent, it would seem, from the universal military system. A corporal in the German army has the same

authority over the privates that one of our lieutenants has. A good deal more in practice. And the brutal, domineering spirit is carried to the limit. The same thing is carried out to a greater degree as the ranks advance. We have seen a corporal on the parade ground at Friedrichsfeld repeatedly kick a private or hammer him over the head with his rifle. This seemed to be taken as a matter of course and no comment was made. Fancy any Canadian or American soldier taking treatment like that under any consideration. So it goes on. The corporal bullies the private. The sergeant takes it out of the corporal. The sergeant-major gets after the sergeant. And the lieutenants and higher officers treat the common soldiers like dogs. Everyman's hand is out against the man below him. And he knows he can get away with about anything in that line he wants to.

With universal military service in operation for generations this sort of thing was bound to have a mighty strong result on

the character of the people generally and it seems that this, as much as anything else, has ground the initiative out of the German character.

Apparently it has also ground something else out—or in. We don't believe there's a German, that is, a real German-German but can be bribed to do anything—if the stake is big enough. Look at the guards who repeatedly committed treason by selling us maps and compasses for a morsel of soap. Look again at the information we got as to the location of the sentries on the Border. In some ways they were ready to suffer a good deal for the Fatherland but there were mighty few of them who couldn't be won over to do anything, with the proper bribe. This is reflected again in the operations of the German agents all over the world.

This whole matter was well illustrated in incidents which came under our attention. Off and on while we were there we heard rumors of possible strikes among the civilians in the August-Victoria mine. Once

five or six hundred of them got together and went out for half a day. What happened? Most of them got cold feet and went back to work next day and the whole thing fell through. The day following a "Verboten" sign, bearing Hindenburg's picture, appeared, forbidding, under heavy penalty, the gathering together of more than four men at once in any one spot. It seemed to do the work admirably for matters settled down immediately.

At another time, when we were on a farm not far from Essen, we heard how a strike, which threatened to be troublesome, was handled at the great Krupp works. Here five or six thousand went out on a food strike and the situation looked serious since it threatened to spread through the whole works. It didn't last long, however. The officials of the plant got busy and the day following Kaiser William appeared on the scene. He talked to those men in groups, appealing to them, from a patriotic standpoint, to go back to work and put up as best they could with conditions. It's likely

he promised them a good many things in addition which he hadn't any intention of carrying out. In any event the strike melted down like butter on a hot stove and three hours from the time of his arrival the men were all back at work and the trouble over, for the time being, at least.

And so it goes on. When anybody asks us when we think the war is going to end in the light of what we saw in Germany we have to give them a sort of review of what we have told here. So long as the army is fed and the people can struggle along with enough to keep body and soul together —unless conditions change suddenly and unless some leader arises who can gather round him a body of determined, fearless supporters, as Danton and Robespierre did in the seventeen-nineties, it looks as though the German people would continue to put up with their burden indefinitely. They had given up hope of winning the war, in any victorious fashion. That was very generally evident before we left. And the expectations regarding the outcome

changed very greatly while we were among them. When we were first able to talk about it with them, for instance, it was only a matter of time until a victorious end was to come. As the months went by we could see a change in this expectation making itself gradually evident. Perhaps the entry of the United States into the struggle had as much to do with this as anything. They wouldn't believe it at all, at first, but this was one bit of real news their papers did give them and finally the realization of what it might mean began to get into their heads.

As matters stood when we left most of the people we talked with, even the soldiers, expected that matters would end upon a fifty-fifty basis. Most of them didn't care what the basis was so long as the end came soon. They were sick—mentally, physically, and in spirit, of the whole terrible business and were longing in a way that we who have suffered so much less can scarcely understand, for the end.

What the future may hold for Germany

it is very hard to say. We do know one thing, however, and that is that the national character will have to change mightily before there can be any lasting brightness or happiness for her people.

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